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Official Directory.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
[illegible] GORTON, W. M.
W. F. [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
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H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

CIVILLA REBEKAH LODGE, No. 30, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MARIE OWEN, Sec'y.

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E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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MRS. ROSE [illegible], Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. [illegible], meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every Saturday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 39, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
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P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on First and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
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A WOUNDED NAME

BY BRIG. GEN. CHAS. KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XVII.

There was the mischief to pay in and about department headquarters for something like 24 hours. Colonel Strain, as chief of staff, had a sleepless night of it. Mr. Loring, reticent as ever, had gone straight to his rooms, which were far from the office and not very far from the convent of the good gray sisters. He had no thought of insubordination in wiring as he did to Washington. He considered it was his paramount duty to make every effort in his power to sail by the first steamer. Letters of instruction that had reached him had informed him that a new post was to be built along the Big Horn range in Wyoming, and that the moment he arrived a board of officers, of which he would serve as junior, would be sent out to select the site. There was urgent need of his services therefore and no time to be lost. He felt that this sudden and summary arrest was a wrong to him personally and professionally, but the lessons of obedience and discipline taught in the four long years at West Point were fresh in his mind, and whatever should be the result of his detention the responsibility now lay with the department commander.

Arrived at his quarters, Loring calmly wrote a dispatch to the assistant in the office of the chief of engineers at Washington, saying in so many words:

"Placed in close arrest because of previous telegrams. Cannot sail tomorrow."

This and a note to the lady superior at the convent, saying he would be unable to come to say goodby to Pancha, and would probably be detained, he sent by his servant, bidding the man go first to the telegraph office, and then to stop at headquarters for certain books and then to deliver the note at the convent on his homeward way.

Dennis was a retired dragoon who had found such employment with the officers on duty in San Francisco for several years past, and was endowed with the Irishman's almost pathetic sense of fealty to his "commander," as he insisted on speaking of his employer. Master was a word he could not tolerate because of its implication of servitude. But even while rebelling at the term he yielded to the lad a degree of devotion to Loring's interests far exceeding that usually accorded by the body servant of tradition, and this calm, deliberate, methodical, silent young soldier was in spite of himself and the proverb "a hero to the eyes of his valet de chambre."

Dennis had packed his boxes with blinking eyes and a saddened heart. He had "worrked," he said, "for twinty gintlemin, most av thim foine men, but the lootenint was the best av all." Dennis had his wife and brood in a little shanty near the sand lots and could not follow Loring to the east. He would have howled with delight to hear the order countermanded that was to take the lieutenant away, but when he heard at headquarters from his fellow countrymen, the janitor and the guard, that such a countermand had been issued in the shape of an arrest he swore with wrath.

A good Catholic was Dennis, and many a job had been given to him and his lusty helpmate at the gray sisters' and a warm friend had they in the lady superior, to whom he presently bore the note and the tale of his hero's unjustifiable treatment. Then went he on his way, and came in upon Loring just in time to hear the closing words of what had been probably a brief and frigid conversation between the engineer and the general's assiduous aid-de-camp, Captain Petty. Frigid as it sounded, the captain looked hot enough as he took his leave and collided with Dennis at the door, cursed him for being there, then whirled about for a parting shot.

"I'll report your exact language to the general, sir," said he, with anger in his tone.

"Try to, at least," said Loring pointedly.

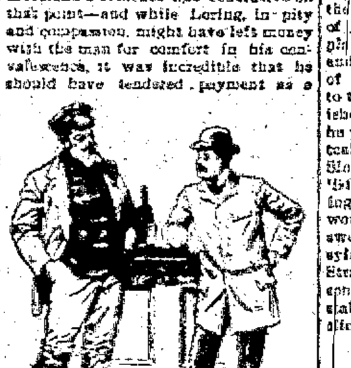
"I didn't come here to be insulted, sir!" said Petty fiercely.

"No, sir. You came here to insult," was the cool reply.

The aid went down the stairs with thundering heels and raging heart. Such contemptuous sang froid on part of an officer four years his junior in service was something unheard of, something not to be tolerated, and as Loring refused to budge from his position of calm superiority the only thing left for Petty was to leave. So far from going to Yuma, he had progressed only to Monterey, and there spent two or three days poking about the resorts around the plaza in search of gossip that was rumored to be in circulation at Loring's expense. He found the gossipers easily enough, but had great difficulty in reaching their authorities. It proved disheartening work, for the farther he went the less he learned, each talebearer having apparently added to the pile of his informant, as Petty should have had sense enough to know would be the case.

But at last he "lit" on something tangible. The hardy giant who led the rush the night of the wreck was now well enough to be hobbling about town and breathing his tale of woe and wrong to all listening ears, and, the officers being gone and no one present to contradict, he had so frequently repeated his version of the wreck of the Idaho as to make a sinner of his memory and "credit his own lie." The burden of his latest song was that Loring had been to see him at hospital and had promised him, on condition of being guaranteed against action or prosecution because of the shooting of a wronged and inoffensive man, that he (Loring) would pay him handsomely—would send him $10 a week, and gave him $25 then and there. But now, for more than a month, said he, not a cent had come, and he heard that Mr. Loring was trying to get away east. The man told his story reluctantly and with some palpable "breaks" when he found he was being questioned by an officer, but Petty posted back to Frisco without delay, convinced that here was something with which to confront and confound that cool, supercilious snob. Then he could take a fresh start for Yuma and get more. One can always get something when the object of the story is away, and, like the seaman's story of his interview with Loring, Petty's version of the seaman's interview with him waxed as he hastened to his general, and had assumed the proportions of a magnificent scandal by the time he told it to that much ruffled brigadier.

Even Strain, had he heard the account, would have riddled it—Captain Moreland's evidence was conclusive on that point—and while Loring, in pity and compassion, might have left money with the man for comfort in his convalescence, it was incredible that he should have tendered payment as a bribe for silence. Strain's exaggerated self esteem was deeply wounded by the engineer's evident lack of appreciation of his greatness, and he would be glad indeed to bring him to heel and convince him he would be wise in future to do homage instead of slight, and what made Loring's indifference so exasperating was that Strain himself was forced to see that Loring was not only no fool, as he admitted, but a man of brains, courage and ability, which he would not concede aloud. Strain, sent for at 8 o'clock by the department commander to listen to the aid's wrathful account of the interview with Loring, fumed and fidgeted and strove to ask some questions to make matters clear, but Petty was already on the defensive and did not mean to be questioned, and the general kept interposing.



But at last he "lit" on something tangible.

"Let him tell his tale his own way, colonel. Let him give you the whole story, Monterey and all." And Strain, who had hoped to spend the evening with his cronies at the club and whist, was compelled to sit till long after 9 and hear the details of Petty's asininity.

Stripped of unnecessary explanation, it seems that the general and Strain had decided that their dignity and prerogative had been invaded by the summary orders from Washington, which were at once a criticism of their action in not relieving Loring, and a demand for an immediate explanation as well as an implied threat that, unless that report was entirely satisfactory Loring must be allowed to proceed. They had spent an hour or more in the preparation of the telegram, which finally caught the wires at 6 o'clock; presented their view of the case, represented that if Loring left it would be under a cloud, and that he should not now be allowed to leave because of the fact that his having resorted to forbidden and insubordinate means to procure his release was in itself a virtual admission that he feared to stay and face the constantly recurring accusations.

It was very adroitly and impressively worded, but still the general and chief of staff felt nervous and ill at ease. Down in their hearts both realized that nothing had been proved against Loring, and that the chances were ten to one that nothing ever could or would be. What was more, both were beginning to realize that Loring had been badly and shabbily treated. Yet this conviction only made them the more ready to listen to any story—grasp at any straw—that lent an atom of weight to the case against him. Dinner had brought no comfort to either, and Petty's preposterous story, swallowed whole by the chief while still bristling with the nervous strain of the concoction of that telegram of explanation, had further upset his digestive powers. The aid had been sent forthwith to notify Mr. Loring of the new story at his expense and to demand his version thereof. Petty was at no time a diplomatic man, and at this time did not mean to be. Both in language and manner he contrived to make his mission as offensive as he dared, for Loring had braved him so exasperatingly on every previous occasion that, now that he had him safe in arrest, he meant to taunt and did it, but his sneering stings broke harmless on the polished armor of the engineer's placid disdain. The madder Petty got the cooler was Loring, and when Dennis dropped in just at the close of the interview a worse whipped man was never seen than the aid, who rattled back to his general, thinking of what he ought to have said, his wits, like his brevet to the double bar, coming to him long after the war was over.

"He treated me and the general's orders with perfect contempt," said Petty finally, and the general looked into the face of his senior staff officer, hopeful that Strain would seem properly impressed. But Strain did not. It was one thing for Loring to ignore him, but quite different when that officer failed to stand and deliver at the demand of Petty. Strain treated him with scant respect himself when the general wasn't around and had been heard to say that generals who allowed their wealthy relatives to dictate who should be their aids were foisting heavy loads upon the service. It was nearly 10 o'clock; his evening was spoiled. He was crabbed, therefore, and he spoke accordingly.

"Mr. Petty—I—mean Captain Petty (Strain, who didn't get one, said a March, 1867, brevet was of no earthly account, and he for one proposed to ignore them), may I ask what were your words when you—you have given us Mr. Loring's—were communicating the general's message to him? Were they, for example, carefully chosen? Did you observe courtesy of manner, avoiding all that could irritate, or"—

"Of course I did. You never saw a man so contemptuously, insultingly cool in your life. He just"—

But Strain held up his hand. "I should like to know first what you said. The general has told me the message you were to give. Now-w, how did you give it?"

But that was something Colonel Strain was destined not to know for many a year, if indeed he ever heard. There came a knock at the door. A servant entered with a card. "The lady, sir, begs to see the general at office, if only for five minutes."

The general frowned as he took the card. What lady could be calling at 10 o'clock at night and demanding interviews when he was so much occupied? But his face changed as he read, then glanced up at his chief of staff.

"This is remarkable, Strain. The lady superior of the gray sisters' convent. Alone?" he asked, turning to the servant.

"No, sir. Young lady with her, sir."

"You'll have to excuse me a moment, gentlemen," said he. "I'll rejoin you here."

Strain was about to return to the subject when the hostler spoke. "A messenger from headquarters is at the door, sir. Says he has a dispatch to deliver in person. Shall I send him up?"

It was the general's library, and Strain was wondering what was going on in the general's parlor. He knew of the lady superior. He knew the story of little Pancha, her brave, uncomplaining conduct the night of the wreck, and of her being placed in the convent of the gray sisters. He decided to go to the hall door himself, and was astonished to hear the sound of sobbing as he passed the parlor. Mechanically he took and receipted for the dispatch. Slowly, absently he retraced his steps, listening to the strange sounds, a pleading, choking, girlish voice, soothing words in the gentle, loving woman's sweet tones, the occasional gruff monosyllables from the general himself. Strain reached the library again in something like a dream, finding Petty stalking up and down, tugging at his slim mustache and nervously expectant of further questions, but none came. They were startled by the quick, hurried footsteps of the general as he waddled back to join them and burst in, red faced, ruffled, apoplectic.

"It's the order from those dashed fellows at Washington," said Strain.

"Strain, Petty, this thing has got to be settled somehow at once. That young woman—ugh, dash the gout! Here, Strain—don't you go. Petty! You won't do. Hold on—yes, you'll have to, by Jove! There's no time to be lost. Go and say to Mr. Loring, with my compliments, I desire to see him a moment in the morning before he sails, and he's—he's released from arrest—it's all—it's all—well, not all of it, but—damnation! I can't explain now. Go! Petty, go! Tell him he's released—relieved, and, Strain, you issue the order relieving him at once and directing him to proceed without delay to his new station. I want to get the order out before those dashed fellows at Washington can order it themselves. What's that you've got?"

"It's the order from those dashed fellows at Washington," said Strain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Once upon a time a very level headed old soldier was commandant of cadets at West Point, and one day one of his assistants, an energetic young officer, came hastily in to say that he had just happened upon a cadet duel at Fort Clinton, had captured one of the participants and placed him under arrest, but the principals, seconds and most of those present had managed to escape. The veteran listened grimly a moment and then said:

"Were they actually fighting when you got wind of it?"

"Yes, sir," was the earnest reply. "Anybody could have heard them."

"Um!" said the colonel reflectively. "Then I think you erred in interfering. Couldn't you have got there just a little later?"

"But the regulations prohibit fighting, sir!" said the junior, aggrieved.

"Certainly, and your course promotes it. You see, they were already at it. Five minutes more would have settled the thing one way or another, and that would have been the end of it. They would have shaken hands and been good friends. Now neither of them has had enough. Each believes he can whip the other, and those youngsters will neither be able to sleep nor study till they've fought it out. Always prevent a quarrel when you can, but once they get going never stop a square fight, never see or hear it—until you know it's over."

In like manner a wiser head than that which dictated the telegraphic instructions to the department commander that night would have seen that it was far better for all parties in the mix at San Francisco if Mr. Loring had been detained there long enough to have the matter investigated from start to finish, and so to "fix the responsibility." It was not of vital importance that he should sail by first steamer, but there had been friction between this particular general and the engineers, between him and the adjutant general, between him and the secretary of war, between him and the division commander, then temporarily absent, and a general who differs with so many eminent and astute authorities as these enumerated must occasionally err in judgment.

Had Loring staid and been accorded a complete investigation the chances are that he and the general would have shaken hands and parted friends, for both had sterling qualities. But orders given in compliance with orders from superiors are sometimes given only grudgingly. The general had heard in that brief interview with his late at night callers enough to convince him that the harshest charges laid at Loring's door belonged elsewhere. But there were things Loring had been too proud to explain—there was his insubordinate—so the general regarded it—appeal over his commander's head to the bureau in Washington; there was his defiance of his envoy and representative, Captain Petty; there were lots of little things that ruffled the dignity of the veteran autocrat, especially the somewhat peremptory tone of the dispatch from the war department, and the general felt himself wronged by his superiors.

Strain, too, suffered in his own estimate, and Petty was fuming with pent up wrath and hate against that cool, supercilious, contemptuous upstart of an engineer. Who in blazes was he, anyhow? What was his family? What his social status? demanded Petty to himself, even though he knew that these were matters whereof our democratic military system took no thought whatever. It is the proud boast of the American army that neither wealth nor name nor ancestry can count in the long race for the stars. In these glad days of peace and national prosperity the officer is speedily taught that promotion is the result of only one of two things—patient waiting or political influence.

And so it resulted that when Walter Loring steamed away southward on the long run for the States he left behind an unsettled fight, three or four aggrieved officials—aggrieved because of him or his affairs and their mismanagement of both—and one inveterate enemy. He had plenty of time to think it all over after he was fairly at sea, but none before. He and Dennis needed every moment to get his belongings aboard and his business closed. He called upon the general as directed and stood in respectful silence while the choleric warrior paced up and down the room and explained his position. He wished Mr. Loring to understand that while he felt that the young officer had behaved with disrespect, at least with disregard, of his commanding general, the latter was too magnanimous to stand in his way, and had therefore determined the evening previous to release him from arrest and from further duty that he might lose no time in "joining" his new station, even went so far as to say he had found much, very much, to commend in the young gentleman and his performance of duty in Arizona, and, but for the unfortunate entanglements that had resulted, would have taken pleasure in making public announcement of the fact.

He could not but deprecate the conduct of Mr. Loring's friends in Washington, and might find it necessary to appeal to the president for justice. Meantime, however, he desired Mr. Loring to know that no personal consideration had actuated his conduct. He had done what he believed to be his duty, and then, like the orator, the general paused for reply.

Mr. Loring stood in civilian dress and soldier attitude, hat in hand, an attentive listener, never interposing a word or hazarding a remark. When the general stopped, the lieutenant remained silent and standing. The general looked perturbed, halted and glared, as much as to say, "Why the devil don't you speak?" a thing Loring never did when he had nothing to say. The chief found it necessary to begin anew, but broke off presently. "You understand, do you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Loring.

"Then I suppose—you're very busy—have many things to do?"

"Only one, sir."

"Well, I won't detain you. I—I wish you well, Mr. Loring, and—and—bon voyage!" And the general strove to smile.

"Thank you, general. Anything else, sir?"

The general stood and could think of nothing. "I believe not," he replied, "unless—however, never mind; I won't detain you."

"Good day, sir," said Loring, and marched quickly away to the room of the aid-de-camp. Petty was not there. An embarrassed lieutenant arose and smiled vaguely.

"Petty isn't about anywhere this morning. He was out late last night. I expect him every moment."

"You needn't. He won't come. Tell him I waited until 11:30."

Then Loring shut the door and left. He had many an hour later in which to think over his final interview with the aid. A most unwelcome duty was that second call to Petty. He would rather be kicked than go to Loring and say he was released from arrest and free to go. Perhaps he thought the kick forthcoming if he went. But Loring treated him with the same contemptuous coolness as he had earlier in the night. Nor did Loring seem either elated or surprised.

"Dash the man!" said Petty. "I'd give a month's pay to tell him something that would stir him!"

Petty could easily have done that had he seen fit to mention that the general had received a visit from the lady superior with a young girl from the convent of the good gray sisters. But that was a mysterious affair that even the general had seen fit to say nothing further about, even to Loring, who was most concerned. It was a matter that gentle and gracious woman herself never referred to when the engineer at 10 the next morning presented his card and was ushered into her presence. She was most courteous. There were peace and loving kindness ineffable in her placid face. There was infinite sympathy in her manner when she presently met and led in to him a pallid little maid, who put a long, slim hand in Loring's as he smiled upon her downcast, red rimmed eyes.

Struggle as she might for composure and strength, Pancha had evidently been sorely disturbed over something through the long watches of the night. Loring's heart reproached him as he realized how selfishly he had been engrossed for weeks, how little he had thought for her, of her who must be so lonely and homesick in her new sphere. He was almost shocked now at the pallor of her face, the droop and languor of the slender figure that was so buoyant and elastic those bright days aboard ship just preceding the catastrophe. What friends and chums they had become! How famously he was getting on with his Spanish! What a charming teacher she was with her lovely shining eyes, her laughing lips, her glistening white teeth! She seemed happy as a queen then, and now what had come over the child?

"They are going to let me write to you, Pancha," he had told her, "and I shall write every month, but you will write to me long letters, won't you?"

"Si." And the dusky little head bowed lower and Pancha was withdrawing her hand.

"You know I have no little sister," he went on.

She did. She had learned all this and much more aboard ship and remembered every word he had told her, very much more than he remembered. She knew far more about him than he did about her, but he looked far more interested now. The good gray sister was more than good. She was very busy at something away across the room, and Loring had drawn his little friend to the window.

"How I wish I had known you there at—at the Gila, Pancha!" he managed to say in slow, stumbling Spanish. "Do you know we made a great mistake, Mr. Blake and I?"

She did not wish to know. Two little hands went up imploringly, the dark head drooped lower still, the slender, girlish form was surely trembling. What ailed the child? It was time to go, yet he lingered. He felt a longing to take her hands again, clasped in each other now and hanging listless as she leaned against the window casing. He meant to bend and kiss her goodby, just as he would have kissed a younger sister, he said to himself, not as he had kissed Geraldine Allyn. But somehow he faltered, and that was something unusual to Walter Loring. Even at risk of being abrupt he felt it time to go, but after the manner of weaker men took out his watch.

"Yes, I must go, Pancha. We won't say goodby, will we? It is until tomorrow—hasta la manana. You know we always come again to California. You'll be quite a woman then, though." He who was so brief and reticent with men found himself prattling with this child, unable to break off. At last, with sudden effort, he seized both her hands in his, where they lay limp and passive.

"Adios, little one! Dear little friend!" he said, bent swiftly, and his curling brown mustache was crushed one instant against the top of her dusky head. Then he hurried to the lady superior and took his leave, Pancha standing silent at the window until the door had closed behind him.

Another day and he was looking back along the sparkling wake of the crowded steamer, thinking how beautiful the ocean seemed to him only a few weeks earlier. Another week and he was at the isthmus, homeward bound, yet clinging with strange interest to the scenes of so much trial. Another month and he was spinning along old, familiar shores, en route for the distant field of new and stirring duty. Without a day's delay he was hurried on the trail of a party of officials, designated to select the site for the new post far up in the heart of the Sioux hunting grounds. For associates he found a veteran quartermaster, with a keen eye for business, and an aid-de-camp of his new general commanding, and recent experiences with such combined to render him more reticent than ever. Major Burleigh confided to Captain Stone that if that was a specimen of West Point brains and brilliancy it only confirmed his previous notions.

The site for the new post was decided upon after brief but pointed argument, and a vote of two to one, the engineer being accorded the privilege of a minority report if he saw fit to make it. Commanding their escort was a young officer, whom Loring had known when as cadets they had together worn the gray, and though there had been no intimacy there was respect, and the two subalterns, engineer and dragoon, agreed that the board might better have staid at home and left the selection to the Indians, but Lieutenant Dean had no vote, and Loring no further responsibility. He could make his remonstrance when he got to Omaha, which would probably be too late. On that homeward way he saw enough of Burleigh to convince him he was a coward, for the major collapsed under the seat of the ambulance at the first sign of the Sioux.

With sudden effort, he seized both her hands in his.

Then there came an episode that filled Loring with sudden interest in this new yet undesirable acquaintance. Men get to know each other better in a week in the Indian country than in a decade in town. They had reached the little cantonment and supply station on the dry fork of the Powder, stiff and weary with their long journey by ambulance, and glad of a chance to stretch their legs and rest. The camp commander was doing his best to be hospitable. Burleigh had been shown into the major's hut, where a lot of mail was awaiting him. A bronzed subaltern had taken charge of Mr. Aid-de-camp Stone and another of Loring. The latter had just emerged from a tub, dripping and refreshed, and was rubbing himself dry when across the canvas screen he heard the voice of the commander hailing his host.

"*Mr. Post Quartermaster*," said he, "I wish every other kind of quartermaster but you was in ——. That old rip Burleigh is utterly upset by some letter he's got. He's limp as a wet rag, shaking like a man with a fit. Took four fingers of my best rye to bring him around. *Says he must* have your best team and ambulance at once. Got to push on for Frayne."

And indeed Burleigh's face when he came forth to start for the Platte was a gruesome sight. He looked, said the unfeeling linesman, after he'd gone, as though he'd seen more Indians. An hour later a soldier servant handed the major an envelope. "Picked it up under the table, sir. There's still something in it."

The major glanced curiously at the superscription.

"That's the envelope at least," said he, handing it to Loring, "of the letter that stampeded the old man."

And Loring looked at it first with but scant interest; then took and held and studied the writing with eyes that kindled wonderfully.

"Why, do you think you know that hand?" asked the major curiously.

Loring handed it back, hesitated a moment, nodded, but said no word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Didn't Lose Any Sleep.

Jenner, the famous English physician, was essentially a strong and self reliant man. He attended the prince consort through his fatal illness, he was the Prince of Wales' doctor when the heir to the British throne had so narrow an escape in 1872, and he also went to Darmstadt and remained in attendance upon the Princess Alice till she died. To practice medicine in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not calculated to lessen the physician's anxieties, and one who knew Jenner well once questioned him on this point and hinted that his responsibilities must sometimes be sufficient to render sleep or rest impossible.

"Sleep," replied Jenner in his characteristic way. "I don't think that anxiety about a patient ever kept me awake five minutes in my life. I go to a bedside. I do my best. What more can I do? Why should I not sleep?"

Paper Bath Robes.

The latest use for paper, according to a German technical paper, is for the production of bath robes. The material used for this purpose is somewhat thick and resembles common blotting paper. The bath robes made of this material cling to the body immediately after being put on, and, as the paper takes up the moisture very eagerly, the drying of the body takes place rapidly. Furthermore, the paper is a bad conductor of heat, and as such it acts as a protection against quick changes of the temperature, preventing the wearer from catching cold. Slippers and hoods are also made of the same material.—Paper Mill.

FAMOUS SHEEP DOGS.

THESE CANINE WONDERS CAME FROM NEW ZEALAND.

A Batch of Stories, Illustrating the Rare Intelligence and Faithfulness of the Animals, Told by an Old Time Colorado Sheep Man.

"The most celebrated breed of shepherd dog ever known in the west," said Jud Bristol, the old time sheep man of Fort Collins, Colo., "were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1873. I had several of their pups on my ranges and could fill a volume with instances of their rare intelligence and faithfulness.

"I remember one pup in particular. He was only six months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night, when the herd was brought up to the corrals, we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing. There were 1,600 head in the bunch when they went out in the morning, but when we put them through the shoot we found that 200 were missing. The pup was also missing.

"Well, all hands turned out for the search. We hunted all the night and all of the next day, and did not find the lost sheep until along toward night. But there they were, all herded in a little draw, about five miles from home, and there was the faithful dog standing guard. The wolves were very plentiful in those days, and the dog had actually hidden the sheep from the animals in the draw. The poor fellow was nearly famished, as he had been for 36 hours without food or water. From that day he became a hero, but was so badly affected by hunger, exposure and thirst and subsequent overfeeding and petting that he died not long afterward.

"This same pup's mother was an especially fine animal. One night the herder brought in his flocks and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry. But he missed the dog, which usually followed him to the cabin of an evening to have her supper. The herder thought rather strange of it, but made no search for the dog that night. But when he went down to the corrals the next morning he found the gate open and the faithful dog standing guard over the flocks. The herder, in his haste the night before, had forgotten to close the gate, and the dog, more faithful than her master, had remained at her post all night, though suffering from hunger and thirst.

"On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After the herder had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral. This she refused to do, and although she had had no supper she started off over the prairie as fast as she could go. The herder put the sheep in the corral and went to bed. About midnight he was awakened by the loud barking of a dog down by the corrals. He got up, dressed himself and went down to the corrals, and there found the dog with a band of about 50 sheep, which had strayed off during the previous day without the herder's knowledge; but the poor dog knew it, and also knew that they ought to be corralled, and she did it.

"Another good story of this same dog: One day she was sent out with a new herder to an outlying ranch some 15 miles distant. That night she came home, and by her actions told us that there was something wrong at the ranch. Well, we mounted our bronchos and went over to the ranch, and very soon found out what the matter was. The new herder was simply a tramp, who as soon as he had got a good feed had lit out and left the sheep uncared for save by his more faithful companion, the dog.

"One time we had a tenderfoot come to work for us, and the boys had filled him so full of hair raising stories that he never went out on the range without expecting to be either eaten by bears or scalped by Indians. One day he came running to the house, all out of breath, declaring that he had seen a bear. We laughed at him and sent him back to the range.

"A few days afterward he came in again, more scared than ever, and said it was a bear that time sure. Well, we took our guns and a foxhound and went out, and, sure enough, over on a hill we saw a large black animal. It wasn't a bear, but we couldn't make out exactly what it was. We sent the hound and the shepherd dog that was tending the herd out on its trail, while we followed on foot. The dogs chased the animal over the hill out of sight. Soon the shepherd dog came trotting leisurely back and took her place with the herd again. Over in a gulch we found the hound standing over a dead animal, which upon examination we found to be a big black Mexican sheep. Now, that shepherd dog, as soon as she found it was nothing but a sheep, had given up the chase and returned to her flock. She knew it was not game and of no account, while the hound had followed the trail and killed the sheep."—Denver Post.

Climate and Consumption.

I am in favor of treating tuberculous patients near their homes and in the same or nearly the same climate as that in which they will have to live and work after their restoration to health. My reasons for advocating such principles are founded on the experiences of all modern phthisio-therapeutists, who have demonstrated that the hygienic and dietetic treatment in special sanitariums is feasible and successful in nearly all climates.

I know from personal observation that cures of pulmonary tuberculosis effected in our ordinary home climates, which are on the average not considered as especially favorable to this class of sufferers, have been more lasting and more assured than cures obtained in more genial climes.

And, with all due deference to the opinions of others, I do not believe there exists any climate which has a special curative quality for any form of pulmonary tuberculosis. Climate can only be considered as a more or less valuable adjuvant in the treatment of consumption, but not a specific.—S. A. Knopf, M. D., in North American Review.

Knew Her Business.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

Shopwalker—How long have you been married, madam?

"Ten years."

"Bargain counter to the right, madam."—Boston Traveler.

Some Advice.

"I would advise the young man," said the corn fed philosopher, "to form his friendships among men older than himself. By the time he is at middle age they will all be dead and can't borrow his money."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Christian era was not introduced as a basis of reckoning time until the sixth century.

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Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per column, or [illegible] per inch per annum, payable quarterly. One given position and no deviation from this rule. Extra will be charged for short contracts.

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Cards of thanks, $1.00 each, payable in advance.

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Address all communications to

BURT OLSON,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, MCH. 24, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Under this head political announcements will be inserted at the following rates: For all offices excepting county auditor, $5.00; for county auditor, $2.00. **Announcements must be accompanied by the cash to insure insertion.**

PROTHONOTARY, ETC.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Prothonotary and Register and Recorder, subject to the rules of the Republican party of McKean county.

O. W. Mitchell.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 16, 1899.

SHERIFF.

Editor Miner:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

Wm B. Clarke.

Smethport, Pa., March 6, 1899.

Editor Miner:—Please announce me as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.

Byron Chadwick.

Smethport, Pa., March 7, 1899.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Editor Miner:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

C. W. Caplis.

Port Allegany, Pa., March 1st, 1899.

Editor Miner:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

John P. Melvin.

Bradford, Pa., March 4, 1899.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Editor Miner:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

Albert Peterson.

Kane, Pa., Jan'y 2, 1899.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

J. C. Carson, Jr.

Lewis Run, Pa.

We are authorized to announce that C. W. Freeman of Kushequa is a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

Editor Miner:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

Murray B. Green.

Smethport, Pa., March 9, 1899.

Editor Miner:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the usages of the Republican party of McKean county.

A. M. Boardman.

Derrick City, Pa., March 13.

Editor Miner:—You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries.

Wm. A. Young.

Smethport, March 15, 1899.

COUNTY AUDITOR.

S. R. Bell of Kane announces himself as a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules governing the Republican party of McKean county.

A. L. Gallup of Keating township announces himself as a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the rules governing the Republican party.

The country rejoices that Hon. John Sherman still lives.

Quay still lingers in the jungles of Florida trying to shake that plum tree.

Last Tuesday Gov. Stone approved the Dewey day resolution, making the first of May a legal holiday.

The refrain comes from the tarpon fishing grounds in Florida: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

The bill providing for the publication in the newspapers of all the laws enacted by the Legislature was defeated on its final passage.

The members of the Philadelphia council are making strenuous efforts to have the capitol of the State removed to the Quaker city.

The New York Press makes the following remark under the head, "The Crime of '73: The gold standard isn't successful these days in keeping down the universal rise in wages."

The cut of Congressman J. W. Bailey of Texas in last Sunday's Buffalo Express might easily be taken for Congressman Horace B. Packer of Wellsboro, new member from the 16th Pennsylvania district.

Senator "Billy" Mason found about 300 persons in Chicago willing to listen to his anti expansion lecture. He had carefully prepared it, and intended that it should be the hit of the season. The people are not of his way of thinking, however, by a large majority.—Buffalo Commercial.

Admiral Dewey now has the vessel whose commander, Capt. Clark, telegraphed the navy department at Washington last spring to not hamper him with orders as he was not afraid of the whole Spanish navy. The Oregon, one of the finest warships in the world, has reached Manila and Admiral Dewey is happy.

Let every true Republican who has the welfare of the party at heart do all in his power to raise the lid of that cauldron known as the State treasury. Gov. Stone says there is a deficit of $2,500,000, and it is time that the people of the State had some knowledge of the [illegible] that created this deficiency. Elect a man for State treasurer who possesses the nerve to clean out the "Augean stable."

Congressman elect Roberts of Utah, the man with a plurality of wives, finds rough sledding among the Methodists of the country. Every conference held so far this spring has passed strong resolutions against his admission to Congress. This is right, and every religious sect in the country ought to send their remonstrance to Congress against the admission of a man who has so little regard for the most sacred ties of home.

Ex-State Senator Coyle was before the McCarrell bill investigating committee in the House at Harrisburg last Tuesday night, and denied ever having offered any money to Hon. John Engler of Lycoming county to induce him to vote for a reconsideration of the McCarrell bill. Mr. Coyle will discover before long that he has climbed up a hornets' nest when he attempted to place Mr. Engler in a false position.

Evidently the Queen of Spain is Irish, as she signed the treaty on St. Patrick's day.

After the destruction of the Hotel Windsor, the board of aldermen of New York city passed the following most excellent resolution: "Resolved, That the Legislature is hereby respectfully requested to pass and the Governor to sign a bill which will give the commissioner of buildings in the city of New York full power and authority to investigate and, if necessary, demolish all hotel buildings in said city not absolutely fire proof."

Where is the calamity howler? Here is Philadelphia sending locomotives to Russia, France and China; Harrisburg sending engines to China, and York shipping tank plates to South Africa. And all the works running on full time, and wages raised all over the State. The poor calamity howler extracts but little consolation out of the situation. He would rather have no work, low wages, and soup houses—then he would have some stock in trade over which to howl.—Harrisburg Telegraph.

"Elect Senators by a vote of the people" shouts one insurgent. In that event Quay would break the majority record.—Gazette and Bulletin.

"In a pig's valise." Look at Lebanon county. That is the only county where a genuine Quay and anti Quay test has been made. See the result. There is not a county in the State, if a contest was made squarely on that issue, Quay or anti-Quay, and the people were let alone to vote as they saw fit, that Quay would stand a ghost of a show of carrying. But when it comes to mixing in local politics the antis are too true Republicans to throw over the home candidates in order to defeat a candidate for United States Senator under indictment for felony.

The queerest thing about the evidence given by ex-State Senator Coyle of Schuylkill county and Representative T. M. Moyles of Luzerne county is, that while they agreed on almost every point in the testimony as given by John Engler of Lycoming county and P. J. Criste, Northumberland county, when it came to the question as to any money having been offered the last two gentlemen named to vote for the reconsideration of the McCarrell bill they denied in toto anything of that character. To a man up a tree this is rather queer, that when it came to the crucial test there should be such a wide divergence in the testimony. Where there was so much smoke there must have been a little fire.

The Quay newspapers in the State have gone wild over the primaries in Blair county. The fact of the matter is this, that, while they carried the State delegates in Blair county, these delegates have a string attached to them which makes them comparatively useless to the Quay faction. General Koontz was placed in nomination by the anti Quay forces in that county for State chairman; Judge John Stewart as candidate for the Supreme bench, and Milton Alexander of Blair county as candidate for State treasurer. Now then, three delegates elected in Blair county were instructed to vote for the three gentlemen above named, who are all anti-Quay. The Quay faction has arrived at a stage when the least bit of encouragement seems to elate them to a point almost beyond endurance.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1899.

The Washington correspondents who were a few days ago concocting detailed stories alleging the existence of enmity between President McKinley and Speaker Reed, are now busy trying to invent plausible explanations of why those two "bitter enemies" are to be guests this week under the same roof, at Jekyl Island. This sort of thing would be amusing if it were not disgusting to those who believe in truthfulness and fair dealing toward public men, as well as toward private citizens. That there has been at times, differences of opinion on important public questions between President McKinley and Speaker Reed just as there has always been at times between other prominent members of the same party, is known to all men, because neither of them ever hesitates about stating their opinions; but that there has been, at any time, any personal enmity between them or any desire on the part of either to split the Republican party into factions for the individual benefit or revenge of either is untrue, and nobody knows its falsity any better than those who concocted the stories. Next year will be Presidential year, and this class of yarns may be expected to increase, because the Democrats know that nothing but a division of the Republican party can give them any possible show to win.

The latest news from Gen. Otis is decidedly satisfactory. His active campaign against Aguinaldo and his repeated victories have resulted in breaking the backbone of the Philippine revolt, and everything now points to a speedy ending of the fighting, and the capture of Aguinaldo is hoped for. Admiral Dewey has notified the Navy Department of the arrival in Manila Bay of the battleship Oregon in splendid fighting condition.

Senator Frye, chairman of the Senate committee on commerce, who knows the subject about as well as any man in the country, does not smile upon the efforts of the French Panama Canal Company to interest Senators and Representatives in the Panama canal, the latest of which is a Congressional free excursion at the Company's expense, of four or five weeks duration, for the purpose of inspection, etc. Mr. Frye said: "I shall not go on the trip of inspection planned by the Panama Canal Company. I was urged to go, as were other members of the Senate and House. The men who are to go down there on a pleasure jaunt know about as much now concerning the merits of one route over the other as they will when they reach home. I have been building the Nicaragua Canal for twenty five years. Away back when Dick Thompson was Secretary of the Navy, we had a committee to investigate the feasibility of routes. We sat for about six months and examined a multitude of witnesses. These witnesses established the utter impossibility of a sea level canal over the Panama route, as De Lesseps had proposed. Then the Chagres river was considered. The investigation in that line established that man could not control the waters, although God might. The committee made no report, and about the only direct outcome of the investigation was the establishment of a U. S. coaling station by the Navy Department in compliance with our personal requests. When I was in Paris (Senator Frye was one of our peace commissioners) they were after me continually regarding the Panama canal; I met friends of the project on every hand." It is very evident that Senator Frye thinks we should steer clear of the Panama canal scheme.

Maj. Demeritt, a member of the staff of Gen. Otis, is in Washington on sick leave. As he came direct from Manila, his opinion is entitled to weight. He said: "Nobody who has seen the Philippines could ever be in favor of surrendering them. I am satisfied that it is to the best interests of this country to keep them, for their resources are varied and valuable, and they will eventually be a source of large profit. It is not going to take a very great while to completely reduce the insurgent Filipinos to subjection. The more enlightened and well-to-do class of mixed Spanish blood are quite willing that this government should establish its sovereignty."

How idiotically rampant sensationalism can become upon nothing was shown when the routine order of the Navy Department, detailing a board of officers, in accordance with law, to examine all of the Commodores, which grade has been abolished, promoted to Rear Admirals, under the law for reorganizing the navy, was seized upon and made the basis of as wild a batch of stories as have been sent from Washington in a long time, all to the effect that the Navy Department was arranging to down Schley by having the board report him unfit for promotion, and in favor of his immediate compulsory retirement, while Sampson's promotion was to be reported all right. And sensible persons were found, even in Washington, who believed the substance of these stories until an official statement from the Navy Department made their ridiculous falseness apparent to everybody.

Secretary Alger expects to go to Cuba this week, to inspect the military posts on the island, but there will be nothing suggesting a junket about the trip, only his private secretary and his military aide will accompany him.

ELECT A SENATOR.

The men elected to the Legislature were sent there by the people with an express commission to elect a United States Senator; to elect a Republican, and to select him without unnecessary delay. To do this it would be necessary to fix upon a candidate who would be acceptable to a portion of the Republican party large enough to assure an election. It was certainly against public policy and party good to project a candidate who was so repugnant to a considerable fraction of the party's membership as to make it impossible to elect him without seeking and securing aid from the Democrats. But such has been the blind fatuity of the leadership of the party; a leadership which has reduced the Republican party of Pennsylvania from the proud position of a majority of a quarter of a million to the humiliation of seeing its candidate go into the executive office a minority governor by nineteen thousand.

Now this same leadership, unable to elect its candidate for Senator, having failed to win the necessary votes from the Republicans or Democrats, proposes to endanger the chances of Republican success by preventing a choice by the present Legislature. The Quay managers would thus violate the principles of party government and defy absolutely the will of the people. They would do more. They would wreck the Republican party of the State, elect a Democratic Legislature and send a Democrat to the United States Senate to represent this Commonwealth. A failure to elect a Senator at this session would throw the Senatorial fight into the local elections. It would split the party into bitter factions from the Delaware to the Ohio, and while there can be no doubt that the State would be carried by the Republican Presidential candidate, there can be hardly less doubt that with the party divided on the Senatorial question the Democrats would sweep into Harrisburg with a majority of the legislators. This is what the incompetent Republican leadership threatens to do. And all for what? For Matthew Stanley Quay. Do the Republicans of the State think he is worth it? Would they think that any individual, however brilliant or talented or of whatever service, was worth the sacrifice of the party? We cannot believe it.

The men who were sent to Harrisburg to execute the will of the people will certainly refuse to enter into a conspiracy to defy that will. They that were elected to represent Republican principles will not endanger those principles by entering into a scheme to destroy the party. Before the present session adjourns they will elect a United States Senator and avoid the possibility of a Democrat being chosen to represent this Republican Commonwealth. There are many men in the majority party who would be acceptable to the entire membership, and who would make able and respected Senators. Choose one.

Let the leadership which has divided the party instead of uniting it; which made Republicanism so unpopular in Pennsylvania last fall that it was saved from defeat only by a division of its enemies; which now would risk Republican control of the Legislature and its representation in the Senate—and all because it has forgotten the first principles of party government and put individual ambition above party good—let such leadership be censured, let it be repudiated, let it be rendered harmless by being shorn of all pretensions to power and relegated to the desuetude it deserves.—Scranton Republican.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia was the subject is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents per bottle at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works; of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured, of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects and of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it robs that disease of all dangerous consequences. Sold by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Notice to Teachers.

The examination for applicants for permanent certificates will be held at Bradford, Friday and Saturday, March 31st and April 1st. Further information and blanks for application can be had by applying to

GEO. M. VALSING,
Bradford, Pa.

By order of
H. M. WILSON,
C. F. HAUGHNEY,
GEO. M. VALSING,
Com.

For frost bites, burns, indolent sores, eczema, skin disease, and especially piles, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve stands first and best. Look out for dishonest people who try to imitate and counterfeit it. It's their endorsement of a good article. Worthless goods are not imitated. Get DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve; A. B. Armstrong & Co.

For Sale.

A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

For a quick remedy and one that is perfectly safe for children let us recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It is excellent for croup, hoarseness, tickling in the throat and coughs. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Let us face the facts, let us no longer deceive ourselves. The Democratic party to day is without character and standing in the nation. It has lost the confidence, if not the respect, of the great body of intelligent, thoughtful men of this country. What does the party stand for? What are its principles? What man is there in this party to-day who can stand up with any sort of confidence and declare them? Does Democracy stand for imperialism or expansion? Bryan answers one way and Jones the other. Does it stand for free silver or the single gold standard? Bryan and Jones answer one way; Croker and a distinguished member of the National Democratic committee answer another. Does the party stand for tariff reform or protection? Nobody knows, for the Chicago platform declared that that question was retired until the money question should have been settled.

Where are the party leaders? Where are the great men of the past who could upon any occasion, at any time of the day or night, if called upon, stand up and with accuracy and confidence proclaim Democratic doctrines? There are no leaders, there is no man or set of men who are recognized today as the mouthpieces of the party. There was a so-called leader of the minority forces in the House of Representatives. He raised a constitutional question and called upon the Democrats in the House to stand by him in the position that he assumed, but when the test came more than forty members of his party voted against him, and he then and there resigned.

Alas for the party of Thomas Jefferson! Surely it has fallen upon evil times. It is paying the penalty of the folly of 1896. Every prediction that we made when it then went astray has been fulfilled, or is about to be fulfilled. It must reorganize upon a true Democratic platform or go to pieces. Gentlemen may mock at this, as they mocked at it in 1896, but it is the truth. Those who then forsook the old ship must come back to the little band of Democrats who remained and kept the colors flying, or be wrecked.—Richmond Times (Dem.).

PARTY AND STATE FIRST.

A little common sense and a little deference to the sentiment of the public should be brought to bear on the Senatorial question by the Legislature. The people are growing restless under the protracted suspension of their constitutional right to two Senators in Congress. Although it does not materially affect the State's interest at the present moment it leaves them in very precarious condition. There is always the possibility of an extra session, and there is the open threat of adjournment of the Legislature without an election. The example of Delaware is constantly before the people as showing to what extremes the blind devotion to one man's ambition may carry legislators even at the expense of the integrity of their party and the welfare of their State.

The Republicans of Pennsylvania do not care to risk the future for the purpose of forcing the election of any man. They feel that this nonsense has been carried far enough. They demand an election at once. If Quay cannot be elected there are many in the party who would fill the place with dignity and honor. Let the legislators unite on somebody. Let the State be secured against the danger of being deprived of half its influence in Congress, and the Republican party of Pennsylvania be saved from disintegration. These things are more important than that a man who has been feeding at the public crib for nearly fifty years shall be enabled to maintain his easy access to the people's fodder.—Scranton Republican.

Jury List for Civil Term.

The following list of petit jurors have been drawn for the Civil Term of court, to be held Monday, April 17:

G. P. Butler,	Bradford.
R. L. Blaney,	"
N. B. Barnsdall,	"
Thos. Conline,	"
C. F. Cummings,	"
G. K. Dorrence,	"
C. Ellison,	"
P. Keane,	"
Ernest Meyers,	"
T. Sweesy,	"
George Ault,	Eldred township.
W. B. Dennis,	"
J. A. Anderson,	Hamilton township.
C. English,	"
Raymond Abbey,	Corydon township.
H. M. Borst,	"
J. W. Conwell,	Keating township.
W. D. Hibbard,	"
C. D. Sheldon,	"
C. E. White,	"
R. P. Yerdon,	"
F. P. Camp,	Port Allegany.
James Dalton,	"
C. B. Shurtz,	"
F. W. Crowley,	Eldred.
George Peters,	"
George Embler,	Hamlin township.
Joseph Harvey,	"
J. H. Jamison,	"
George W. Luke,	"
Thomas Flon,	Annin township.
Walter Hayden,	Lafayette township.
J. J. O'Connell,	"
C. R. Hatch,	Otto township.
L. J. Lilly,	"
Thomas Cantwell,	Ceres township.
James Maloney,	Sergeant township.
G. W. Wandrum,	"
F. W. Pierce,	Foster township.
Lynn Rice,	Liberty township.
C. L. Thomas,	"
Philip Zerba,	"
John Shultz,	Bradford township.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles found herself sound and well; now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

WANTED.—Reliable salesman to sell the best specialty ever placed on the market. Staple article and ready seller, affording a large profit. There is a steady and increasing demand for it in every section of the country. No samples required. Address

"MANUFACTURER," Cleveland, Ohio.

A barrel of records for graphophone—some daisies. Come and hear them. Buy a graphophone and use them. More enjoyment, more entertainment than you can get any other way. Call at the studio.

GLEASON

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A. B. Armstrong & Co guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Messrs. E. C. Henry & Co are headquarters for the sale of Pittsburg stogies. Give them a trial.

Discount of 5 per cent on all purchases of $1.00 or more by paying cash at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s.

The finest of room moulding 50 varities to select from. Call on L. Keenig Water street.

New England Bakery,

Cor. Main and Union Sts.

FRESH HOME-MADE

Bread
Cookies
Cakes
Pies

SALT RISING BREAD MADE MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

J. W. PICKERSGILL,
Smethport, Pa.

Strong Endorsements

Dr. Mary E. Green, president National Household Economics Association, member American Medical Association, member American Public Health Association, author of "Food Products of the World," writes from Charlotte, Mich.:

"The excellence of Pabst Malt Extract is not unknown to me, as I have used it professionally for years, always with the most satisfactory results. For mothers nursing their children and for general debility from any cause, I regard it as of especial value, as it combines both tonic and nutrient properties, which make it truly the 'Best' Tonic."

"I recently prescribed Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, to three of my patients, all of whom were ladies, and all of whom were suffering from dyspepsia and its consequences, and in all these cases it acted like a charm. Two of them bought more of the tonic, and continued to take it, until now they tell me they can eat anything, and one of them added "everything," without the slightest inconvenience. They have certainly improved wonderfully in weight and strength. I have prescribed your "Best" Tonic a great number of times. It is one of the best, if not the very best, of its kind."

R. Belmer, M. D., Jersey City, N. J.

BUY COPPER SHARES FOR LARGE PROFITS.

Three months ago, copper 12 cents a pound, now, 18 cents.

Demand for the metal greater than the supply.

World's supply never so low.

Nothing in history like the profits made in copper past two years.

The opportunities for large profits in the near future are twice as great as they have been heretofore.

The following table shows the steady and rapid rise in value of shares of copper mines during the past two years.

It will be noticed that the greatest increase has been in some of the low-priced stocks, showing that the largest profits are from the purchases of such shares. This also shows that the value of these stocks does not remain at par [illegible], but goes on increasing indefinitely, as the properties are developed.—

	Sept. [illegible]	Sept. [illegible]	Sept. [illegible]	Mch. [illegible]
Calumet & Hecla	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston & Montana	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tamarack	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Quincy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Osceola	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Butte & Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arcadian	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Old Dominion	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wolverine	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Baltic	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Franklin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arnold	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tecumseh	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Winona	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

I can offer at a specially low price a limited number of shares in one of the very best of the low-priced copper stocks and in one of the largest companies in America, already [illegible] Pennsylvania stockholders. [illegible] investors know that investments in good low-priced copper stocks have made fortunes for many people. The opportunities for profits in oil, gas and coal are gone by, but this is your opportunity. Local representatives wanted.

Write for the "COPPER SITUATION."

F. F. GAYNOR, 35 Wall St., N. Y.

Financial Statement

OF KEATING TOWNSHIP FUNDS, 1898.

	Dr.	
To old bills of 1896 and judgment of D. C. Young	$ [illegible]	
To bills rendered by Herzog	[illegible]	
To bills rendered by Fritz	[illegible]	
To due Supervisor Herzog on settlement	[illegible]	
To due Supervisor Fritz on settlement	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Cr.	
By taxes uncollected on Treasurer's duplicate	[illegible]	
Township indebtedness to balance	[illegible]	[illegible]

LAWRENCE HERZOG in acc't with Keating Township as Supervisor for 1898.

	Dr.	
To seated duplicate, road	[illegible]	
To seated taxes for 1897, road	[illegible]	
To error on duplicate	[illegible]	
To received from Supervisor Fritz	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes received from Co. Treasurer, road	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes received from County Treasurer, special	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes received from Co. Treasurer, bond	[illegible]	
To seated taxes received from Collector Frisbee, special	[illegible]	
To seated taxes received from Collector Frisbee, bond	[illegible]	
Due Supervisor Herzog to balance	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Cr.	
By balance due Supervisor Herzog last settlement	[illegible]	
By duplicate worked	[illegible]	
By taxes carried to Supervisor for 1899	[illegible]	
By transferred to Supervisor Fritz	[illegible]	
By exonerations	[illegible]	
By paid on road	[illegible]	
By paid on outstanding indebtedness	[illegible]	
By paid on bond indebtedness	[illegible]	
By commission on road fund [illegible] @ 2 per cent.	[illegible]	
By [illegible] days service at $1.50 per day	[illegible]	[illegible]

FRANK FRITZ in acc't with Keating Township as Supervisor for year 1898.

	Dr.	
To seated duplicate, road	[illegible]	
To seated taxes for 1897	[illegible]	
To seated, received from Supervisor Herzog	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes from Treasurer, road	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes from Treasurer, special	[illegible]	
To unseated taxes from Treasurer, bond	[illegible]	
To seated taxes from Collector Frisbee, special	[illegible]	
To seated taxes from Collector Frisbee, bond	[illegible]	
To Due Supervisor Fritz to balance	[illegible]	[illegible]
	Cr.	
By error on duplicate	[illegible]	
By balance due Supervisor last settlement	[illegible]	
By duplicate worked out	[illegible]	
By taxes carried to Supervisor for 1899	[illegible]	
By transferred to Herzog	[illegible]	
By exonerations	[illegible]	
By paid road	[illegible]	
By commission on road fund [illegible] per cent.	[illegible]	
By [illegible] days service @ $1.50	[illegible]	[illegible]

We the auditors of Keating Township having examined the accounts and vouchers of Frank Fritz and Lawrence Herzog, Supervisors of said Township, with the road, bond and special road funds of said township for the year 1898, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals the 15th day of March, A. D. 1899.

R. T. Reynolds, [SEAL.]
E. C. Day, [SEAL.]
H. D. Otto, [SEAL.]
Auditors.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh,
Salt or
Smoked

MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

GOOD FOR FROM 1 TO 25 COWS

DAIRYMEN

The Buckeye Cream Separator

Saves nearly one-third more cream than crocks or pans.

Saves more time, labor and money than any other Separator made.

Will it pay you to call on or address me before purchasing elsewhere?

S. S. Prentiss, Gen'l Agt
PRENTISSVALE, PA.

No ice used.

COSTS ONLY FROM $[illegible] TO $[illegible] EACH

EMIL THAMM,

TAXIDERMIST.

Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.

Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

One Minute Cough Cure, cures.
That is what it was made for.

New Lace Curtains

We have received our first shipment of "New Ideas" in draperies. We are after the people who think $5 a pair enough to pay for lace curtains. It is really surprising to see what a fine curtain you can buy of us at $5 to $10 a pair. The finest of Brussels at $4 to $15. These are the real thing, imported from Switzerland, hand made.

Rich styles in French Renaissance curtains at $5, $6, $7 to $10 per pair.

Marie Antoinette curtains in select styles. These are dainty, and artistic.

Arabian curtains $6.50, $7 50 and $8.50. These are new and we have them in rich patterns.

The popular Irish Point curtains $1.98 per pair to $15. Big values at $5, $6, $7 and $8 pair. We have a large line of tambour and Swiss lace curtains $4 to $10. Special values at $5 and $6 pair. Ruffled lace curtains at 90c to $6 pair. The popular ruffled bobinet at $1.75 to $4 pair. Nottingham lace curtains in great variety 59c pair to $6. Excellent values at $2 to $4 pair.

Scotch Madras curtains in cream and colors, suitable for all rooms. Colors—yellow and white, blue and white and green and white; all prices.

Sash nets 15c yard up. White or colored loops 10c pair. White poles 15c, 25c and 35c. Everything for the home at popular prices.

ANDREWS & CONKLING,
135-137-139 North Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

Blacksmithing
Wagonmaking
Painting

Blacksmithing—

I now have the most complete Blacksmithing establishment in this section and can do all kinds of iron work on short notice. A corps of competent workmen in this department.

Wagonmaking—

And repairing are now receiving more attention than ever before in this establishment. Mr. W. W. Baum, an expert, will attend to all business.

Trimmings, tops, backs, dashs and everything belonging will be made with taste and dispatch. Our stock in this line is complete.

Painting—

Wagons, carriages and signs executed with neatness and dispatch by Mr. G. H. Williamson, an artist who has been employed in the best shops in Pennsylvania.

I want your trade and am taking the best means to get it—giving you good work at a right price.

C. W. Lilgendahl.
Smethport, Pa.

258 Union Street

A carload of Buggies just received. Our repository is the finest equipped in the city. Buggies, Phaetons, Surreys, Platforms, Buckboards. Don't buy until you inspect our stock. We have Buggies from $25 upwards. Any style and price you want. Repainting, recovering tops of Buggies and all kinds of Carriage and Wagon repairs. Our harness are hand-made and of the best quality oak leather, ranging in price from $8 50 and upwards. Full line of whips from 6c up. Trunks, Valises, Bicycles and shelf hardware.

Coast, Stone & Coast,
258 N. Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT!

and then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS,

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

A. Y. PALMER,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables,

DEALER IN

Horses,
Carriages,
Wagons,
Harness,
Etc.

201 West Water Street,
Smethport, Pa.

INSURANCE.

Life, Fire and Accident written by

W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.

in good, reliable companies

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
"Digests what you eat."

Re-Opened.

EXCELSIOR MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS.

Is now ready for business and prepared to fill all orders for Marble and Granite work, Cemetery fencing, Etc., Etc.

Works Cor. Franklin & Water Sts.,
Smethport, Pa.

P. O.—LARABEE, PA.

NEW MEAT MARKET,

Norman C. Keefer, Prop'r,
Cor. Mechanic and Willow Sts.

THE FINEST OF

STEAKS, ROASTS AND BOILING MEATS

always on hand. All kinds POULTRY a specialty.

Call and examine my stock and get prices.

N. C. KEEFER,
Smethport, Pa.

SPRING THINGS

We advertise here because we want you to know the advantage of buying important things at this store. You want to see variety, and we have it.

You save here what we save by buying in quantity. You are told what experience has taught us about quality. And many of the best lines that we handle are controlled exclusively by us in this section.

BABY CABS.

Sweet's cabs—the cabs for 15 years have held the favor of Bradford mothers. They are honest cabs, made to last. Too many cabs are made merely for show. No other cabs have

Novelty springs,
Patent brakes,
Patent parasol rods.

All styles—all prices from $6 00 up. All have rubber-tired wheels.

GO-CARTS.

For babies who sit up. They will be extensively used this season. With rubber-tired wheels—$4 50 up.

MAKING THINGS LOOK NEW.

Every help that anybody has made for housecleaning is here—many that you have never known.

All that can help you in making things look new—

Varnish stains,
Paint in small cans,
Furniture polish,
Wax for floors,
Stove, metal and silverware polish

APOLLO BURNERS—75CTS.

We sell the best incandescent gas burner for 75c. We say "best" after three years of testing.

Apollo mantles—18c.

RUBBER PAINT.

A ready mixed paint that outlasts common paint twice over. Brilliant and durable colors. 20 colors and white—$1.50 per gal.

TOILET SETS.

The largest variety shown in this section of the State. Sets at $2 75 and up, many of which cost a third more usually.

DINNER WARE BY THE PIECE.

This season we carry all grades of dinner ware in new open stock patterns. You can buy a few pieces now and more later. Complete the set as you want to. Many people in Bradford are thus buying dinner sets on installments—sets they may never have owned otherwise.

$19.50 SEWING MACHINE.

We sell a Demorest Sewing Machine for $19 50 cash. A machine with every modern improvement—a $55 style in some makes.

RELIABLE RANGES.

The range that is so conspicuously the best that nobody really doubts it. We have sold hundreds without the first complaint. The buying of a range without seeing the Reliables would be a lasting and regrettable mistake.

L. EMERY, JR., & CO.,
The Great Supply House. BRADFORD.

EMERY & WEAVER,

NEW GOODS AT STORE OF

D. C. YOUNG.

Call and examine same. Prices as low as the lowest.

Prices on all Winter Goods reduced to make room for Spring stock.

Several lines of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes at cost to close.

D. C. YOUNG,
Smethport, Pa.

Dec. 26, 1898.

NEW SPRING GOODS

everything new in
Muslins
Dress Goods
Hosiery
Shoes and
Fine Table Linen

This will be the finest line of Dry Goods we have ever handled and we mean to make prices that will sell at once. Come now and get your pick of this stock.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Model Restaurant,

ALFRED HAGBERG, Propr.

I have recently purchased the Restaurant of W. G. Holder and am now prepared to serve

Hot or Cold Lunches and Meals at all Hours.

I also keep on hand the best, freshest and most complete stock of

OYSTERS AND FISH

to be found anywhere. Give me a trial and be convinced.

Tracy Block, Smethport, Pa.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Expansion.

For the second time in the five short years of our career as merchants, our rapidly increasing business has necessitated more selling space.

To meet this demand we have fitted up our SECOND FLOOR as a department for

carpets
oil cloths
mattings
hats
boys' clothing
men's pants
footwear

First Floor

dress goods
wash goods
embroideries
laces
dress trimmings
men's furnishings

Our stocks are bright and new for Spring, 1899, and offer special attractions in the lines we represent.

Grocery Department.

With the best qualities of eatables always fresh we have in this department as well as our others a steadily increasing volume of business.

VISIT US.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.,
Dry Goods, Groceries, Shoes,
Smethport, Pa.

Prompt attention to mail orders.

Photographs

This has been a busy season and attests the fact that the pictures I make give perfect satisfaction. When you want a good article go to the place where the most business is done.

Graphophones

The acme of perfection it seems has been reached in the manufacture of these machines. Come and listen free of charge. No trouble.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

DO YOU KNOW
that when you are smoking an
AMERICAN GENLEMAN CIGAR
you are receiving more real value for your money than any other ten cigar offers you?
If you don't know get into the band wagon and know why. At all first-class cigar stands.

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, MCH. 24, 1899

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Diphtheria is reported in Bradford.

—Read J. Colegrove's Saturday bargain announcements.

—Notice change in the Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. time table.

—Col. Lucius Rogers contemplates the erection of a residence at Kane.

—Palms from Savannah, Ga., will decorate St. Luke's church on next Sunday.

—The telephone line has been extended to Mechanic street and along King to Hill street.

—The blizzard last Sunday and Monday would rank with severe winter weather.

—J. A. Paine, formerly editor of the Corry Leader, died on Friday last at the age of 73 years.

—This is the time of year when woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Easter bonnets.

—Bert Kidder has opened his bicycle repair shop on Fulton street and is now ready for business.

—R. E. Burdick had a twist with the grip the first of the week, but soon conquered the enemy.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce gave a tea to a number of ladies Friday evening last. It was an enjoyable affair.

—The dances in this vicinity St. Patrick's night were well attended and some interesting times are reported.

—Henry A. Button of Coudersport is engaged in putting some repairs on J. W. Benton's residence on King street.

—So far nine candidates are in the chase for nominations as county commissioners. "And the end is not yet."

—Coudersport has sneak thieves who steal umbrellas from front doors of residences, says the Democrat of that place.

—C. M. Shattuck, who is well known to Smethport football enthusiasts, is a candidate for position on Yale's team of 1899.

—Guy Brothers' Minstrels have been playing to good houses in surrounding towns. We miss it by not having an opera house.

—Married, in this borough March 17, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. I. T. Walker, Jesse B. Sprague and Celia Ann Fisher, both of Colegrove, Pa.

—There was a freight wreck at Clermont last Sunday night. The wrecking crew was out all night in order to have the road open for traffic in the morning.

—Messrs. Pierce and Lord contemplate starting a Sunday paper at Galeton. It certainly ought to become a success with such a firm to push it along.

—A. E. Stickles has another story about shoes in this week's issue. Ol' Man Racket can clothe your feet in the latest style and at a ridiculously low price.

—Mrs. Nellie Boylan-nee Nellie Roberts of McKean's Switch, well and favorably known here, has been seriously ill for several weeks, but is reported as improving.

—The house of Geo. W. Near, which was totally destroyed by fire at East Smethport a few weeks since, will be replaced by a new one as soon as the lumber can be procured.

—The following letters remain uncalled for in the post office for week ending March 18: Miss Margaret Gardner, W. M. Carrol, Howard Till, Arvid J. Turnfelt (foreign).

—The MINER desires to congratulate editor Horace G. James of Bradford over his admission as a member of the Star Publishing Company. It is hard to keep a good man down.

—H. C. Wells visited Olean Saturday and entered into a contract with B. U. Taylor for the erection of his brick store. Operations will commence as soon as the weather is favorable.

—Dr. J. C. Brown started men to work Monday digging a trench for a sewer to his lot on Main street. The doctor evidently intends to commence the erection of his dwelling at once.

—At St. Luke's church on Saturday, March 25 (Annunciation B. V. M.), there will be a choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The music will be Powell's service in A-flat, for female voices.

—A silk umbrella was taken by mistake from the vestibule of St. Luke's church on last Sunday morning. Kindly return to the sexton for the owner and find your own umbrella in the vestibule.

—E. E. Heath will commence the erection of his barber shop on Main street some time next month. The prospects for a large sized building boom in Smethport the coming summer are very bright.

—Through neglect last week attention was not called to M. L. Armstrong's new bicycle advertisement. However, it is not too late to give Mart a call and examine the fine line of Columbias he has in stock.

—Fred McFall, the speedy pitcher of Eldred, has signed with Cortland in the New York State League for the coming season. John Nelson, the Bradford catcher, has been signed by the Buffalo Western League team.

—Your attention is directed to the new advertisement of Mrs. Carrie Reilly & Co., which appears in this week's issue. The millinery work of this firm is too well known to need further comment. Read the advertisement.

—F. McKeown of Mt. Jewett was a pleasant caller at this office Monday. He delivered a check for $2000 to Mrs. John Hefferin in payment of insurance with the Maccabees, of which Mr. Hefferin was a member, belonging to Mt. Jewett Tent No. 45.

—It is reported that an opera house will be erected in Smethport this spring by a stock company. There is no doubt but that the promoters of this scheme will derive considerable financial benefit from their investments, providing a suitable building is erected.

—Austin was visited by another destructive conflagration early Thursday morning of last week. The fire burned out the interior of the Blaisdell and Welsert block on Main street, in which Attorney F. E. Baldwin's office was located. Other buildings were damaged.

—Every night big burly men, armed with lanterns, patrol our new railroad to see that no one steals a march on the company as well as to protect people from possible accident. However, an ordinarily cautious person is in no great danger of being run over by the cars as yet.

—A letter was recently received by Att'y Eugene Mullin from his son, John, who is prospering in the Klondike. He states that he has opened a restaurant business and that the McKean county boys are all doing well. He does not advise people to come to that country.

—This is the season of the year when the honest sugar maker glances carefully around to see that no one is looking, and then quickly pours six pails of water into the boiling sap.—Cross Fork News. The editor of the News ought to study up the question on manufacturing maple sugar.

—Willie Havelock of Clermont had his right leg amputated between the knee and ankle Saturday last. Dr. Chadwick of this place successfully performed the operation. The leg was injured last summer and was afflicted with tubercular joint disease. Willie is doing finely at this writing.

—O. W. Pearsall and family, who have occupied the rooms over M. L. Armstrong's store for several months past, departed very unexpectedly last Sunday night, and entirely overlooked the fact that two month's rent was due Mr. Armstrong as well as several other bills around town.

—Maynard Cramner, aged 71, died at his home, near the Marilla brook reservoir Monday morning. Mr. Cramner had been a resident of the valley for many years. About a month ago he was taken down with grip and was not again able to leave his bed. He leaves a family.—Bradford Record.

—Your attention is called to the change in the advertisement of John Servatius, which appears in this issue. Mr. Servatius has rented Sartwell's shop on State street and is prepared to do all work in his line with neatness and dispatch. His work speaks for itself and he deserves liberal patronage.

—Several complaints have reached the MINER office during the last few days in regard to the filthy condition of our cross walks. The attention of the street commissioner is called to the fact and it is to be hoped that he will attend to his duties and not allow it to occur again. Last Wednesday the cross walks were impassable for ladies.

—L. Emery, Jr., & Co., of Bradford have a new advertisement in this issue. As usual they advertise the best things on the market. One might say "if you see it in Emery's ad. it's so." They always test everything before recommending it to the public. When in need of anything in their line give them a call. It will pay you.

—Monday's Era gives an interesting account of a cock fight that took place near Bradford Saturday night, between Buffalo birds and birds owned by Bradford and Olean parties. The Buffalo games were vanquished. The account does not state, however, whether or not Editor Caskey's missing rooster was included in the bunch.

—A few weeks ago the MINER made mention of the fact that the Bradford Star intended making great improvements. On Monday the first improved copy of the Star made its appearance, set with a Mergenthaler typesetting machine and printed on a new Hoe press. It presents a very clean appearance and is bound to make a favorable impression among its readers.

—The biggest medical contract on record is that given by Guy V. Henry, governor of Porto Rico, to Dr. Azel Ames of Massachusetts. The doctor has been ordered by the general to vaccinate every one of the island's 1,000,000 inhabitants. It will take him and his assistants six months to complete the contract and the cost will exceed $100,000.—Exchange.

—The burning of the Windsor Hotel in New York City Friday night last was one of the most fatal fires in recent years. Many people lost their lives in the flames. The building was crowded at the time, many people besides the guests being at the windows watching the St. Patrick's Day parade, which was passing the hotel at the time the fire was discovered.

—While on his way home from school yesterday at noon, Paul, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gramsie, stopped to play on a box car, from which he fell and broke his left arm near the wrist. The fracture was reduced by Dr. Maloy. Here is an additional warning to boys not to play around the cars. It often means broken bones or loss of limbs.—Olean Democrat.

—Score one for the other side. In New York a dying man the other day craved a last cigarette smoke. The physician said he might as well have it as not; since it was only a matter of a few minutes before he would be beyond the reach of earthly distractions. He inhaled a few breaths, was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and is now on the road to recovery.

—Two hundred and forty-five years ago 27 Hebrews landed in New Amsterdam, now New York. Gov. Stuyvesant treated them most shabbily and attempted to drive them from the country, but instructions from the home government in Holland changed his course and they were permitted to remain. Now there are over 300,000 Hebrews in New York city alone.

—Mrs. L. H. Galpin died at her home in Reed Hollow on Sunday night of heart disease, aged 25 years and 8 months. Mrs. Galpin was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Asa Cory of Coryville. Two children besides a husband, father and mother and brother survive her. She was a woman who was well-known and highly respected and her death is deeply regretted by many. The funeral was held on Wednesday, Rev. Bennett officiating.

—Charles A. Dolson, at one time leader of the Democrat party in Steuben county, but who disappeared mysteriously last winter, only to return two months later, is at present living with his family at Ithaca. Dolson will remove to Albany April 1st and make a new start in life. At one time he was Steuben county's leading legal practitioner—Olean Times. Dolson will be remembered as the lawyer who so ably defended Snyder, the Palen Switch murderer, in December, 1893.

—There will be Quarterly Meeting services in the M. E. church next Sunday. Love Feast at 9:30 a. m. Rev. H. C. Woods, presiding elder, will preach at 9:30 a. m., and administer the Holy Sacrament. Persons having Church Letters will be received into the church. In the evening, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Walker will preach on the following subject: "A Suffering Saviour, or The Cost of Redemption." The Quarterly Conference will be held Saturday evening at 7:30.

—The M. E. parsonage was unusually illuminated on Friday evening of last week by the unexpected arrival of members of the Epworth League. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Walker, and his wife, readily adjusted themselves to the perfect surprise. Every one carried a smile and the evening was too short for the bright social visit. The refreshments added very much to the substantial character of the surprise. Such warm and loving raids upon the parsonage are fully appreciated.

—Edwin L. Rose, a wealthy banker of Binghamton, N. Y., died suddenly Saturday morning of heart disease. Mr. Rose was in his room in the Grand hotel, New York city. He was seized with an attack of heart failure and managed to touch an electric button. He died in the arms of the bell boy who responded. Deceased was a brother of Robert H. Rose, formerly of Smethport, who is now a resident of Binghamton and was engaged in the banking business with his brother. Deceased was well known in this county.—Bradford Record.

—The borough council and auditors have hit upon an economical streak. They have posted a few type-written copies of the auditors' report for 1898. This may have answered 75 years or more ago when newspapers were not so plentiful, but at the present day a taxpayer does not receive much satisfaction in tipping his head back at an angle of 45 degrees in order to study the auditors' report tacked upon the wall about eight feet from the floor of a building. Economy properly applied is a good thing, but it has been our observation that in public affairs it is usually limited to printing bills.

—Henry Marquand, Geo. A. Lathrop and Frank Smith, all of New York city, and H. M. Ellsworth, a prominent railroad contractor of Rochester, were in town on Wednesday. The first named gentlemen are prominently connected with the new railroad. They located their depot near that of the B., B. & K. R'y. The chances are that there will be a union station. Their round house will be located near the eastern terminal of Water street. Is it a go? Well, yes; there does not seem to be much bluff about this affair. Brighter days are in store for this section. Various industries are seeking locations in McKean county. Let them come, we'll try and stand it.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (Palm Sunday) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m., and at 7:30 p. m. There will be a sermon on "Honesty," in the evening service. The choir will sing the "Story of the Cross," arranged in verse (hymn 106) and set to music by Lacey Baker, for solo, duet and chorus. During next week (Holy Week) there will be services daily at 9 a. m., and 7:30 p. m., and on Wednesday at 4:10 p. m. On Good Friday services will be at 9 a. m., and the Preaching of the Cross service, from 12 m. to 3 p. m. The children's service will be at 4 p. m. on Good Friday with an address, "The Story of the Cross." Easter-even service at 7:30 Saturday April 1st with administration of Holy Baptism.

—A girl baby was left on the door steps at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Truby on South Henley street last evening. The child is but a few days old and was wrapped in a piece of flannel and an old jacket. There was nothing in the basket in which it lay to lead to any identification. The police, however, think they can find the mother, and the future disposition of the little waif will depend largely upon the circumstances surrounding its parentage. Overseer of the Poor Coleman was notified of the case, and will do what is necessary so far as pertains to his office. The little one was still at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Truby this morning, who expressed a willingness to keep the child if they could be assured that it belonged to reputable parents.—Olean Democrat.

The MINER and Tribune $1.25.

Suicide of Henry Sondheim.

Tuesday evening the city of Bradford was terribly shocked to hear of the suicide of Henry Sondheim, an old and highly respected citizen of that place. About 7:45 o'clock the family at the Corydon street residence heard the report of a revolver in the front room and rushing to that apartment were horrified to find Mr. Sondheim sitting in a chair with a bullet hole through his head. The smoking revolver lay upon the floor. Tuesday's Era says: "When an Era reporter reached the scene the body still reclined in its death chair. The appearance of the corpse was peculiarly ghastly. The man had died, however, amid pleasant surroundings. The room was richly furnished. Comfort and elegance were shown in every part of it. The fire glowed brightly in front of where the body rested. The revolver still lay where it had fallen, its muzzle toward the chair. Blood covered the rich carpet on both sides of the corpse. On the left side toward which the head of the dead man drooped, there was a large pool of the ensanguine fluid and still from the gaping wounds it continued to drip. * * * Chief Ruddy and Coroner Sheffman soon arrived at the house, and on making a search found that the bullet had crashed into the wall near a piano which stood close at hand. The bullet was of 38 calibre, such as the men of Astor battery fired at the Spaniards in the battle of Manila. The revolver used is a long barreled one and was made for performing deadly work. That accounted for the fact that it sent its leaden messenger entirely through Sondheim's head with such terrible effectiveness. Phil Sondheim, who was a member of the Astor battery, after being mustered out of the service, brought the weapon home with him. It was fully loaded and kept in Phil's room. About a week ago the elder Sondheim asked where the revolver was kept and was told. No significance was attached to this inquiry, as it was known that Mr. Sondheim was unusually careful about such things and took frequent pains to prevent possible accidents. When he secured the gun, or how, is unknown. * * * He has been blind for a year and despondent. On several occasions he discussed suicide as his probable end, but again would say that he could never die by his own hand."

Mr. Sondheim was about 67 years of age and leaves four children.

The New Railroad.

There were a goodly number of those interested in the new railroad project at the meeting which was held at the Thomson House Monday evening. During the time in which the company were getting together and while waiting for belated business men who were invited to attend, Mr. E. K. Kane was busy in explaining the feasibility and advantage of the proposed new road to interested parties, so that by the time all had assembled and the meeting called to order nearly all were familiar with the idea, which is as follows:

It is to build a standard gauge railroad from Kane to Mt. Jewett. At the former place it will connect with the P. & E., the Kinzua Creek & Kane and the Kane & Elk railroads and at the latter with the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg and the Kushequa railroads. Over the latter connections will be made with the Buffalo division of the W. N. Y. & P. R'y at Smethport and with the River sub-division of that road at West Lime. The distance will be between ten and eleven miles, shortening and straightening the present route. The extensive lumbering establishments of the Rich Lumber Co. at Granere and of E. K. Kane at Kushequa, Pa., will be brought into direct rail connection with Kane and ninety to one hundred minutes will make the trip to Bradford and about the same time to Smethport. Passing under the Kinzua viaduct will be an interesting feature of the trip and will probably cause travelers to select this route when going east or west across the northern tier.

Enough stock having been subscribed to warrant the formation of a company it was at once done by electing E. K. Kane president, and the following board of directors: Joshua Davis, H. W. Sweeley, Thos. L. Kane, E. Z. Kane, B. N. McCoy, Sr., and N. C. Cody.

The road is to have a capital stock of $110,000, one half of which Mr. Kane will take himself leaving $55,000 of stock to be subscribed for by the citizens and business men of Kane.

A committee consisting of Messrs. B. N. McCoy, Geo. W. Halliwell and C. H. Kemp were appointed to wait upon the business men of Kane and get them interested in the project.

A Green Tea.

St. Patrick's day was delightfully celebrated to the great enjoyment of 12 of the ardent admirers at the home of Mrs. Pierce. This hospitable matron having invited her friends to a Green Tea provided everything that was in harmony with Ireland's patron saint. Graceful palms and greenery decorating the parlor greeted the guests, who themselves were adorned with various accessories to the Wearing of the Green. When the curtains were withdrawn disclosing the dining room a fairy bower of emerald was revealed. Even the candelabra on the famous green centerpiece held candles of Irish green. A "queen rose" with its beautiful foliage decorated the head of the table while a slender green vase at the foot held white hyacinths. Souvenir cards with beautifully painted shamrocks and appropriate quotations guided each guest to her place. The hostess and a friend dressed in white with aprons and caps of green crepe paper served the refreshments. After tea recitations and songs of old Ireland were given impromptu. A prize was awarded to the lady who wrote the most improbable story appropriate to the occasion, the time allowed for composing not to exceed fifteen minutes. The contest resulted in a tie between Mrs. Weise and Mrs. Lindsley who cut for it. Mrs. Lindsley won. St. Patrick was the hero of both of these admirable stories. The happy guests departed after hearing their fortunes told by their kind hostess.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. I subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Seed Potatoes for Sale.

I offer for sale the Carman No. 1 seed potato. They are the best yielding, best eating and best all around potato on the market to-day. The above will be sold at 60c per bushel for the next 30 days.

A. J. GALLUP.
Smethport, Pa., March 23-4w

Do you want a trunk, valise, suit-case or telescope? When buying these goods go where the largest variety is kept. That place is Lemmler's. The price is right down where it ought to be.

A good house and lot for rent for one year. Also a good new milch cow for sale or lease. Inquire of J. C. Cunningham, East Smethport, Pa.

"When you hear dem bells go ting-ling-ling" at Gleason's you will want a graphophone. All the latest and most popular airs.

Mason's prices on poultry netting beat the world. If you keep poultry you want some netting. See Mason about it.

Four cans nice corn 25 cents, and three cans good tomatoes same price, at store of D. C. Young. tf

Mason's window is full of paint. When you want good paint go to Mason's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

PERSONAL MENTION.

F. C. Ward of Port Allegany was in town Monday.

J. W. Preston transacted business in Kane Tuesday.

G. W. Mitchell visited Bradford on business Wednesday.

Waldo Sartue of Kane visited his parents in town Monday.

H. D. Morton departed for Empire, Elk county, Saturday.

F. A. Johnson of Ormsby was a welcome caller at this office Monday.

Homer Rigler of Bradford has accepted a position in the Democrat office.

Fred Backes went to Olean Monday and will resume his former position at the Olean House.

Mrs. W. J. Voorhees and children of Olean spent a few days with relatives in town this week.

R. Seger of Emporium was in town Monday in the interest of the business of R. Seger & Son.

Hon. Henry Hamlin and Orlo J. Hamlin went to Binghamton Saturday to attend the funeral of E. L. Rose.

Hilton Bros. of Backus were in town Wednesday on business. Their store at Ormsby will soon be in operation.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rubin returned from an extended visit in New York city on Wednesday, having had a most enjoyable trip.

Miss Jennie Bleyer left Tuesday morning for a short visit with Buffalo friends before resuming her studies at the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary.

George Derby of Wellsboro was in town a short time last Friday while on his way to Hazelhurst in search of his son, who had run away from school. Mr. Derby had followed close on the young man's heels and hoped to overtake him at the new glass town.

Frank S. Baker of Smethport was in the city last week. Mr. Baker has just completed the new glass factory at Hazelhurst, and he goes to Coudersport in a few days to superintend the construction of the big plant at that place, in which Blaisdell Bros. of this city are interested.—Bradford Post.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LARABEE.

There was quite a little excitement in town Monday last when a colt driven by Ervin Wannman became frightened at a box car that was standing on the switch, near the crossing, and made a determined and somewhat surprising break for freedom. Plunging madly forward, he shattered thills and harness, tearing himself loose from the buggy and bringing the driver from his seat with an acrobatic leap that landed him in the road some distance away fortunately without material injury, and with tenacious grip and uncommon presence of mind for a boy of his age, he soon succeeded in gaining control over frightened majesty and what promised to be a serious, if not sad, affair was happily averted.

On Sunday morning at about 1 o'clock the dread angel of death passed over this place and took from the house of Mrs. Genung her beloved father. Mr. Sweet came from Allegany, N. Y., to this place some two weeks ago and having reached the advanced age of Seventy, and broken in health, the journey, although made as easy as possible under the circumstances, proved too much for his enfeebled constitution and after a short illness he passed into rest. The remains were taken to Humphrey, N. Y., for interment. The sympathy of the entire community goes out to the bereaved family.

Last Saturday being the occasion of Mrs. Alfred Johnson's birthday anniversary, several ladies from this place and from Smethport gathered at her home on upper Main street where a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

Mrs. Alex. Rice, accompanied by her father, W. H. Dodd, visited relatives in Coudersport for a few days last week. Mr. Dodd commenced the return trip for the Klondike Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Alma Prentiss and daughter, Roberta, of Prentissvale were guests at the house of Mrs. Viola Crandall during the past week.

M. L. Lillibridge, Port Allegany's all-around hustler, was collecting in the surplus calves in this section Wednesday.

Mrs. E. S. Carpenter visited relatives and friends at Turtle Point the latter part of last week.

The genial Col. Sam Smith passed through town en route for Smethport Monday morning.

Leonard Ackerman moved his family to Milgrove, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week.

Timothy Lamphere of Eldred visited relatives in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lucius Squires has accepted a position with Patrick Layden of Sartwell.

Mrs. Patrick Driscoll was shopping in Eldred on Saturday last.

Nels Burg was in Port Allegany Tuesday.

PORT ALLEGANY.

Mrs. James Dalton, who was badly injured last week by a plank in a defective sidewalk, is reported improving. It is rumored that the boro will have a suit for damages on its hands.

The ladies of the Baptist church held a fair in Garthwait's Hall Wednesday afternoon and evening. A bountiful supper was also served, and the affair was deservedly a success.

Dan Hefner has returned to this his native town to practice his profession, that of law. His numerous friends wish him abundant success.

J. M. Keenes has retired from the firm of C. A. Dolley & Co., the business being carried on by C. A. Dolley and his son, C. D. Dolley.

Encouraging reports are received from Mrs. Ray Foote who is ill in a Buffalo hospital.

J. L. Ward returned Saturday from a business trip to Galeton and Harrison Valley.

Considerable maple syrup and sugar is being made and sold in this vicinity.

To the Ladies.

Mrs. T. F. Charnock of Hazelhurst desires to meet the ladies of Smethport and vicinity for the purpose of forming a class in art work. On Monday or Tuesday of next week she will have on exhibition at Mrs. Carrie Reilly & Co.'s store a complete assortment of Renaissance Lace, Mexican Drawn Work, Bulgarian Work and Art Embroideries. All those contemplating taking lessons will please call at the above place on Monday or Tuesday.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time, but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—Josh. Edgar, Germantown, Cal. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

"I was glad to notice, Bridget, that when you walked out last night you did not let your young man grab you by the arm, after the boorish fashion so common among people who ought to know better." "Yis'm. I towld him to lave me arrum alone—I was afraid he'd hurt me vaxination."—Chicago Tribune.

To the Ladies.

Having opened a first-class dressmaking shop at 103 Cemetery street, would be pleased to have the ladies give me a call. French Tailor System used. Also ladies' tailor made suits.

11-4t Mrs. Jessie Nixon.

Important Notice.

All accounts due us must be paid on or before the 1st of April or we will give to an attorney for collection.

A. B. ARMSTRONG & CO.

Before the discovery of One Minute Cough Cure ministers were greatly disturbed by coughing congregations. No excuse for it now. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Going traveling? Be sure to take along one of Lemmler's trunks, valises, suitcases or telescopes. It makes traveling pleasant and convenient. The stock is complete.

A. B. Armstrong & Co., are giving away a bottle of fine perfume. Call and see how you can get it. 10-tf

10 bars of Dingman's Gipsy soap 25c at Racket Store. Also willow clothes basket 45c.

Have you seen that new crockery at Mason's? No need to go out of town for fine china.

New line carpets at store of D. C. Young. Call and look at samples. tf

Jewelry, &c., *Is What We Have.*

AND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Watches, Diamonds, Solid Silver Table Ware, Silver Plated Ware, Cut Glass, Clocks, Gold and Silver Watches, Chains, Charms, Toilet Ware and Silk Umbrellas.

AND A MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS.

It will be of interest to everyone contemplating making purchases to call or write for what they may want.

All Goods Guaranteed at the Leading Jewelry and Optical Store of

LOOK FOR THE BIG WATCH SIGN.

C. H. ROBIE,
143 Union St. OLEAN, N. Y.

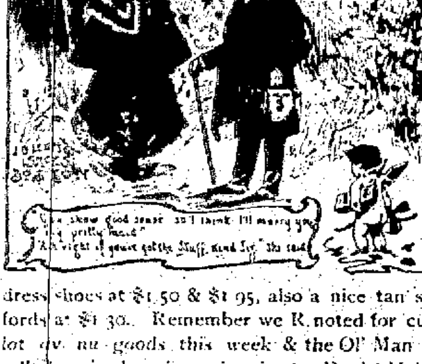
PORTER'S GOOD THE BOSS FLOUR WINONA MINN.

A carload of this flour has just been received. Boss Flour has been sold in Smethport for years and its excellent qalities are known to all. When you buy flour buy the best—the best is always the cheapest. Quantity rules the price—we buy in large quantities and give you the benefit.

A fine line of fruits, etc. Our reputation for keeping the finest and freshest stock of candy in Smethport is well established.

Also headquarters for fancy canned goods. When in need of eatables go to

Brasted's


"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To buy a pair of LEWIS'S WEAR RESISTERS, Sir," she said.
"You show good sense and I think I'll marry you my pretty maid."
"All right if you'll get the stuff, kind Sir," she said.

ALL YOU OLD maids should take a hint from this picture & secure a pair ov thes silk top dress shoes at once. Your chances ov comfort & eas wil B secure & U wil B the most pleasant & happy mortals in town. The comfort & ease ov thes shoes iz known the world over. Thes shoes R generally sold at $3.25. Our price iz $2.24. We hav other dress shoes at $1.50 & $1.95, also a nice tan shoe at $1.30 & tan Oxfords at $1.30. Remember we R noted for cutting prices. A large lot ov nu goods this week & the Ol' Man Racket with his sleeves rolled up iz chopping prices in 2. Don't U hear the ring ov the old broad ax az he slashes the prices in two. Sum ov the old reglars do by the way tha grunt.

We hav a fu pair ov those $2 lace curtains, whil tha last we wil sel at $1.30 pair. A nu lot ov taps or ½ soles 10 & 15c, men's jumpers or waists 25c. We wil name 2 U a fu ov the nu goods received this week. No need to name price: Garden rakes, clothes baskets, wash boards, W boilers, galv pails, clothes lines, combs, hoes & hose, shoe laces, h'd'k'fs, silk scarfs, suspenders, lace curtains, jumpers, overallz, envelopes, box paper, iron glue, toaster, stove shovels, C. P. stand, soap dish, burners & soles, dust pan, basins & pans, comb cases, dipper, whips, wire shoe nails & many more 2 numerous 2 mention. 100 lbs mor ov fresh stick candy just rec'd, 10c lb.

A nu lot ov N. Y. trimmed hats ov 99 style. Wil U wear a country trimmed hat or wil it B one trimmed in N. Y. city by experienced trimmers. All our work iz done in city ov N. Y. Each hat comes in nice box securely tied. Giv us a call & C.

OL' MAN RACKET,
Sprague Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

Spring of '99

This Season finds us with a full line of everything in Choice Millinery. Pains have been taken to gather together the greatest variety of good things that we could find. We have

Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats,
Gold and Jet Ornaments,
Steel and Rhinestone Buckles,
Fine Chiffons, Mousselines, etc.,
Embroidery Patterns,
Doilies, Embroidery Silks.

These are a few of the many beautiful things we carry. The stock is much larger than usual and we are better equipped than ever before to take care of your trade this season.

Mrs. Carrie Reilly & Co.
Smethport, Pa.

SUIT CASES
TRUNKS
TRAVELING BAGS
TELESCOPES

The best in town at prices that are so low as good articles can be sold for. You can get the best goods in this line where a specialty is made of this stock and you have a variety to select from.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Chestnut Wood Wanted

We wish to contract for Chestnut Cord Wood cut 4 feet long, to be delivered on cars during the next 12 months. For particulars address

AMERICAN EXTRACT CO.,
Port Allegany, Pa.

Cash Bargain Day,
Sat. March 25,
At J. COLEGROVE'S

Boneless codfish, 2 lb box, per box	20c
Blended Santos coffee per lb	15c
Superior sweet corn, 3 cans for	20c
Superior wax beans, 3 cans for	20c
4-lb pkg Snow Boy washing powder, per pkg	13c
1-lb can sardines in mustard, per can	10c
Baker's cocoa, ½-lb can	10c
Old Sport matches, per gross	[illegible]
Royal Salad dressing, full pint bottle	45c
Hand picked beans, to day per lb	3½c
Nickle rolled oats, per pkg	4c
We have the best 75c corset you ever purchased, try one to-day at	65c
Full line of Whittemore's shoe polish, per bottle	21c
Dunham's cocoanut, ¼-lb pkg for	16c
Pie peaches, 3-lb cans for	10c
Ladies' wrapper, well made, extra width, equal to most any $1.00 gown for	75c
Soap has advanced 20 to 25 per cent. This will be the last Saturday you can buy Oak Leaf soap 8 bars for	25c

J. Colegrove's
106 EAST MAIN STREET.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth.
Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

MANSFIELD NORMAL SCHOOL.

Six courses of study. Practical training school for teachers. A large Model School. [illegible]

S. H. ALBRO, Ph. D., Principal,
Mansfield, Pa.

Carpets . . .

We've got 'em, in all that's good, grand and durable.

Ingrains,
Tapestry,
Axminster,
Moquettes
and Velvets

. . Furniture . .

And at prices that must prove satisfactory to sensible people. We also carry the latest designs in Rugs and Art Squares of both foreign and domestic make, together with a complete assortment of Mattings, Oil Cloth, Linoleum and floor coverings generally. Remember, our Carpets, like our Furniture, Bric-a-Brac and Chinaware, are characterized by a total absence of "that cheap look," which spoils all good effect.

SLOAN & ERVIN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

. . . Carpets

CLEARANCE SALE

Everyone who knows us knows that since the Opera House fire we have been crowded for room to display our stock of

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

and now that the season is drawing near for the arrival of our large assortment of

LATEST SPRING STYLES

We must dispose of our winter stock no matter what the sacrifice. So from now until

MARCH 15th

our goods will be sold at prices that will move them. The cold weather is far from gone so make your purchases while this sale lasts and save money.

R. SEGER & SON,
Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

Give riders that satisfied feeling that comes from the knowledge that they have the best.

Made by the Pope Mfg. Co.
Means Satisfaction.

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless,	$75	Hartford Bicycles	$35
Columbia Chain Wheels	$50	Vedette Bicycles	$25 and $26

Juvenile Bicycles in all sizes, from $20 to $25.

M. L. Armstrong, Agent, Smethport, Penna.

YOUR MONEY BACK

If your purchase proves unsatisfactory, return it and get your money. You shall have it without a word of argument. We want you to feel that we are as anxious as you are that you should be perfectly pleased. We are not sentimental about it; we know it will pay us to treat you well.

H. W. Rubin & Co.
Clothiers and Merchant Tailors.

Honest Dealing **Large Sales**
Large Sales **Fresh Goods**

I have a new line of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, TOBACCO and CIGARS. The Prescription Department is all new—no old goods. You will be sure of getting full strength.

For every Dollar's worth of goods bought for Cash you will receive 5c back at the time. This it to take the place of the Periodical Scheme that is started. Don't forget the place.

REILLY BLOCK. *H. C. WELLS.*

Where are We at?
Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.
BUT
We are with You if you wish to Buy
Only a sample order will convince you that **You're with Us,**

HOO-HOO.

Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Windows
Screens
Glass.

Call and see us, or write us for quotations.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

A LOVE SONG.

Come into thy garden, my love, my sweet;
The flowers are lifting their heads.
They wait for the sound of thy coming feet,
And, smiling, sweeten forth from their beds.

Come into thy garden, my dear, my love,
And bask in the birds' merry lays.
The golden sun shines in the blue skies above,
And the humming bees join in the praise.

Come into thy garden, my sweet, my dear,
I stand at the old trysting place.
To me all is dark when thou art not near
And bright when I gaze on thy face.
—Bernardine J. Kennedy in [illegible]

THE TRAMP.

He was a real, bona fide tramp. His coat was a marvel of grease and tatters; on one foot he wore a tolerably respectable boot, while the toes of the other protruded through a very ragged shoe, and his hat would never have been recognized for that article of headgear if it had not been upon his head. Altogether he might have been the original of the funny papers' latest edition of Weary Willie.

At present he was resting. This was the chief occupation of his life, his profession, as it were, and after many years of experience he had succeeded in bringing it down to a very fine point, being able to pursue it under the most unfavorable conditions and in circumstances that would have daunted an ordinary mortal. Such is the result of practice!

Just now the conditions were extremely favorable, the day being warm and the fence corner grass grown and shady, so the tramp lay upon his back, with one leg thrown over the other and his hat pulled down over his forehead.

Over in the field opposite a farmer was plowing up stubble, pausing now and then to wipe his perspiring face, while his blue shirt clung in damp streaks to his skin.

The tramp watched him meditatively.

"I wonder why people like to work?" he soliloquized. "Queer. They're always a-doin somethin. Now I ain't never done anythin, and I git along just the same. I bet that chap owns this whole place all round here, but he ain't havin as good a time as I am, and I ain't got a red cent. I wonder what people want to be always workin for when they might be takin it easy. It's a funny world. Wisht I had a chaw of terbaccer."

By and by the tramp climbed the fence and began to investigate a haystack standing a short distance from the road.

"Might's well fix my bed for tonight," he said and squirmed into the heart of the stack. Presently he heard the sound of voices. It was probably the farmer, and he lay still in his hiding place.

"Of course 9:30 is a little early for our biz, but that is a through train and bound to be worth more than either of the other two."

"But there will be more people on it."

"What's the odds? A dozen more or less. They won't sit heavy on our consciences."

"It's a dead easy thing too. All it takes is grit. We'll be pretty sure to strike a good lined pocket or two before they can make out what happened. And if any one turns up beforehand"—

"Shoot him dead. We don't stand no fooling. You stand at the bottom of the gully; ain't likely to be a soul walk that track, but if there is crack him dead without a word. I'll take care of my part. I tell you, I'm desperate, and if— Look, there's a man over in that field. Get around on the other side. He didn't see us. Make a bee line for that ledge. We can"—

The voices died away. The tramp turned over on his side.

"Train wreckers! Well, it ain't no business of mine," he grunted.

Nevertheless the vision of a wrecked train disturbed his nap, and he crawled out of his hole. He sat on the fence and nursed his ragged feet, watching the sunset.

"It's a pity for so many people. I guess some of 'em would be young, too; maybe some little babies, maybe a feller about my age. They're all a-lookin at the sun for the last time if they only knew it."

What kind of a queer feeling was this? He tried to whistle it off, but it only came back the stronger. The frogs' singing had never disturbed him before, but tonight it sounded weird and sad, and after awhile the very stars came out and looked at him as if they knew something about it.

"What a strange thing it must be to die! Maybe somebody'll be waitin and waitin for some of those people to come home."

Not in his remotest past could he remember any love, but somehow he understood this waiting.

The frogs sang on, the young moon sailed slowly down the heavens, and by and by the tramp climbed off the fence and slouched away down the road. Hanging beside a stable door he had seen a lantern when he passed that afternoon, and he crept up, hooked it off the nail and went on his way. He had no definite purpose in view except that he was going toward the gully, and it might be useful. "I never did do anything, and I always got along. But it's a pity to let them all die. Better to have one old feller go. I wonder how it feels to die?"

He shuddered a little and seemed to hear the voice again, "Shoot him dead!"

He sat down by the roadside and said sullenly: "It ain't none of my business. I ain't got nothin to do with it. It don't concern me any."

But after awhile he went on again.

"It must be 9 o'clock now," he said.

The night had grown dark and cloudy; only a few stars glittered at intervals through the flying rack. The tramp had reached the head of the gully. It was not very deep, but sufficient to cause a terrible disaster. The track sloped around a curve a few yards beyond and just here ran over a narrow bank of earth slanting abruptly down on either side.

The tramp lit his lantern and, taking off his coat, wrapped it carefully around. Then he lay down on the ties, flat on his face, and began to creep slowly along, squirming and crawling like a worm.

After a seemingly endless time of creeping and feeling carefully with his hands he felt the smooth, cold steel of the track end abruptly. The rail had been removed just at the highest point in the gully.

Now he had nothing more to do but wait. And be killed? He wondered how it felt to be shot. A strong desire to get up and run took possession of him, but he might just as well be shot moving the train as now, so he lay still.

"Maybe I won't be killed. I might git through some way. An old no 'count like me 'd be likely to git through with a whole hide. Anyway, 'twon't be much loss. If 'twould only come."

It seemed an hour since he had lain there; then he heard the rumbling and the distant "whoo—o—whoo—o—o," and in a minute the train rounded the curve. The tramp flung his coat into the gully and sprang to his feet, waving the lantern up and down over his head. Five pistol shots rang out sharply above the noise of the train, the lantern tumbled into the gully, and the tramp fell forward across the track, the engine coming to a standstill within two feet of his body.

Instantly a clamor of voices arose, the engine puffed breathlessly, lights flashed through the darkness, the ties were examined, the lantern, the coat and an empty pistol were rescued from the gully, and the tramp was lifted by a dozen pairs of hands.

"He is dead!" they cried. "Shot dead! Murdered by train wreckers!"

A young doctor elbowed his way through the crowd. He was of tall, commanding presence, and they fell back before his authoritative voice.

"Make way there!"

He knelt down beside the tramp and after a rapid examination said: "The man isn't even seriously hurt. There is only a flesh wound in the hip. He has fainted from fright."

Even as he spoke the tramp opened his eyes. A young girl sat down and took his shaggy head into her lap, where he moved uneasily from time to time as he told his story.

"He is a real hero!" cried the girl.

"A brave, noble fellow. God bless him!" cried another woman.

A man held his brandy flask to the tramp's lips and another shook his hand heartily. The tramp seemed to hardly understand it all. He blinked at them stupidly, but clung to the brandy flask.

They carried him aboard the train, and the engine backed slowly toward the town, a mile away, and as the tramp reclined upon velvet cushions, surrounded by sympathetic faces, for the first time in his life treated as an equal, a man among men, strange, new desires stirred vaguely in his heart.

"I ain't been nothin but a no 'count so fur," he thought, "but I'm mighty glad I could save 'em all, mighty glad."

"We will make up a suitable reward for that brave fellow," said an old gentleman, but the young doctor spoke up suddenly.

"See here! That man is a fake! His story is the thinnest I ever heard. I say he took up those rails and waved the train in the hope of a reward, shooting himself to give weight to the story. Do you think of five shots aimed straight at a man only one would hit him and inflict a slight flesh wound? And if he feared the wreckers why didn't he wave the train on the other side of the curve? Any sane man would have done that."

This was an indisputable fact, and the passengers began to comprehend the whole matter.

"He says he heard the two men at 6 o'clock," the young doctor went on. "Why, he could have gone to Fordeville and got a posse to capture them in that time! And he says he took the lantern from a farmhouse stable. Why, he could have gone in and informed the farmer! Pshaw! The thing couldn't be plainer. He was after the reward. You will be lucky if you are not sent up for this, old fellow."

The passengers laughed or were angry, according to their various temperaments, while the tramp tried to understand the meaning of the change in their manner, but could not exactly comprehend. Hadn't he saved the train?

They took him to the hospital at Fordeville, and later on the men whom they had left behind came in to report that they could not find the slightest trace of the wreckers or any evidence to prove the truth of the tramp's preposterous story.

In the morning the young doctor called at the hospital, and the nurse who received him said: "The man is dead. He died during the night of heart disease, from the fright, I suppose."

She showed him the bed, and they both stood looking down on the still form lying there.

"Well, he's gone to his reward," said the doctor peculiarly.—Chicago News.

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND IN 1760.

The Pleasure Seekers Were More Numerous Than Churchgoers.

Would you like to know how the people of London observed their Sunday 130 years ago? The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one and in some there were three; also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church as a matter of course.

He made his apprentices go to church as well and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas, he little knew that the boys were larking all the morning, and when the congregation came out stopped the old women and got the text from them!

However, those who went elsewhere formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men called rural societies, who rambled about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent profanation of the day, but they were squared by the publicans.

Informers went about threatening publicans, barbers and greengrocers for carrying on trade on the Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail; a shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice.

Children were baptized after afternoon service, and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the nurse, it was allowed, could blamelessly get drunk.

The beadles of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars.

When the ladies got home after church, they did not disdain to slap their servant if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham court road and the Foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who were assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting, with prizefighting, quarterstaff, wrestling and other sports.

The pleasure gardens were open all day long. People crowded to them in the early morning for breakfast and staid all day. At 2 there was an ordinary, in the afternoon and evening an organ recital; there was tea in the alcove, and in the evening there was supper.

In the evening, when they reluctantly came away, with as much punch as they could hold, they formed themselves into bands for purposes of protection, while the footpads looked out on the road for single passengers, or, haply, drunken passengers, whom it was easy and a pleasure to rob.

And this was the way of a Sunday in June or July, 1760.—London Queen.

Vitality of Snails.

The snail is blessed with great powers of vitality. A case is recorded of an Egyptian desert snail which came to life upon being immersed in warm water after having passed four years glued to a card in the English museum. Some species in the collection of a certain naturalist revived after they had apparently been dead for 15 years, and snails having been frozen for weeks in solid blocks of ice have recovered upon being thawed out. The eggs are as hard to destroy as the snail itself. They seem perfectly indifferent to freezing and have been known to prove productive after having been shriveled up in an oven to the semblance of grains of sand.

At this season of the year when pneumonia, la grippe, sore throat, coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and lung troubles are to be guarded against, nothing [illegible] "a substitute," will answer [illegible] "just as good" as One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one infallible remedy for all lung, throat or bronchial troubles. Insist vigorously upon having it if "something else" is offered you. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Happy is the man or woman who can eat a good hearty meal without suffering afterward. If you cannot do it take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and cures all forms of dyspepsia and indigestion. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

J. Sauer, Sedalia, Mo., conductor on electric street car line, writes that his little daughter was very low with croup and her life saved after all physicians had failed only by using One Minute Cough Cure. A. B. Armstrong & Co.

THE TINY LITTLE GIRL.

Mother says she's awful bad,
Goes on so it makes her mad.
Wants to know if I see the
Something little girl, to you;
Thinks I'd better whip you well.
Says you're good and had a spell.
I ain't home all day, you see,
So don't know how bad you be.
But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girl!

"Wouldn't mind a word today!"
That's what her ma will say;
"Just as bad as bad could be,
Kept in little spells, you see."
Mother tells me that there child
Gets her sometimes almost wild.
Won't I punish her a bit?
Thinks she's better after it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girl!

Thinkin of her all day long,
With her laughter and her song,
But your mother says it's true
Bad man's got a hold of you.
How about it, little miss,
With the rosy lips to kiss?
Couldn't punish her a bit,
And that just clean settles it.
But I couldn't bear to whip her
When I see her sweet lips curl,
For she's such a very little—
Such a tiny, little girl!
—Bath News.

HIS SEVEN SONS.

"Puts me in mind of old man Freeman," said Mr. Teakwood reflectively as he shaved a keener edge on the wooden sword he was making and sighted along the blade with a discerning eye.

Old man Bolivar tilted his chair back at a more reassuring angle and clasped his hands about his knees in an easy attitude for listening. George Smith ceased the soft drawl which he had been droning into the ears of the storekeeper, and Pendarvis brought in his buggy cushions and made himself comfortable on a cracker box.

"Well, what about ole man Freeman?" asked George Smith, at last in an exasperated way.

"Ole man Freeman, he's back on the ole place," the story teller finally began, "an that boy o' his'n, that Jim, he's in the little cabin on the Hi Watters place, that cabin where the gal'ry's done fell in."

"What made 'im move?" asked George Smith, whose weakness it was to try to help along with famous questions.

"I been a-knowin old man Freeman for nigh on to a real long time," pursued Mr. Teakwood meditatively, "an it looks to me like he could do a mighty good job now if he could go back an bring up his boys over again. It's a powerful pity, it seems like to me, that a man can't have but one chance to raise his children, an if they don't seem to pan out right that time there ain't no more show for him. I reckon it was a mighty bad year when ole man Freeman's boys begin to grow up."

"They was a-plenty of 'em, sech as they was," remarked old man Bolivar with quite unusual and unexpected candor.

"The ole man had seven boys," Mr. Teakwood went on, with a dry inward chuckle at some memory, "an if the ole folks had a-raised 'em right he could a set back in his easy cheer an never done no more work as long as he lived. He did try the easy cheer game, but it was everlastin'ly too late. Them boys had grew up to think that the airth was pretty much made so's they could have a good time an nothin to do.

"They ain't one o' them seven boys that's worth killin today, an the ole man's workin harder today than he did 25 year ago.

"But I reckon he thought Jim was goin to be somethin. 'Long last winter Jim begin to shine up to one o' them Forstall girls—the one with the turn up nose—an it would 'a' made anybody plum sick to have saw the way the ole man took on.

"'I tell you, they's outcome to that boy o' mine, that Jim,' he says to me, rubbin his hands together, pleased as pie. 'You wouldn't 'a' thought they was that much spunk in Jim, would you? An there he is, sparkin up to that girl, an her gran'pa was a member o' the legislater! An shore as yer livin Jim'll be in the legislater hisself some day, fur he's got the nerve to try it.'

"It 'pears like I come to know all about this Freeman business kinder accidental like. You see, long middlin airly last spring I got ole Nance one day an rode over to ole Freeman's for to borrer his harrer. I was a-gittin my garden ready, an it was that grassy it was plum bound for to be harrered.

"When I got over there, Squire Diggs an some more men was jes' ridin away, an the ole man met me in the gal'ry lookin like he'd been a-cryin an says he:

"'I'm a-fixin for change, Lije,' says he. 'Jim's a-goin to get married Sunday, an me an the old woman is jes' deeded this place an him an his wife is a-goin to take keer o' us the balance o' our days. You don't know how happy it makes me feel. I'm a-goin to have me a big cheer an set out here in the gal'ry where I kin watch the cows goin to paster, an Jim plowin in the fur field, an where the ole woman kin listen to Jim's wife potterin round the house, you know, an I kin kinder oversee an tell him how to do things, fur Jim don't know so pesky much about armin.'

"'You better hol' on to that deed till you die,' says I in a warnin voice, 'and let the takin keer come first,' an, gracious, the ole man was so mad he come mighty nigh not lettin me have the harrer.

"Well, shore enough, Jim he married an brung his wife home an got his deed safe an soun, an for a good while ever'thing was as nice as pie. Ever' time I passed there the ole man an ole woman'd be settin up in the gal'ry in two big cheers, lookin like they owned the earth an a good sized chunk o' the moon.

"'Stid o' fadin away an dyin as anybody'd 'a' thought they'd 'a' done, the ole man an ole woman begin to pearten up an git fat. When I went over there along in June for to take the harrer home, the ole man said he b'lieved he was good for 15 more years yet.

"Jim an his wife heerd it, an 'twasn't long after that before Jim's wife begin to fix fur settlin the old folks' hash. She got awful mad because the ole man chawed terbaccer, an she jes' couldn't stand it nohow, an she couldn't eat at the table with either of 'em because they et with their knives, an she made 'em move into one o' the back shed rooms because their snorin disturbed her, an when, about a month ago, the ole woman got sick, she jes' ripped an she snorted, Jim's wife did, an said they'd better hunt some other quarters, for she was plum tired o' waitin on 'em.

"When the ole man heerd that he naturally chimed in, an 'twan't long before she was a-screamin an goin into highstrikes, an sayin that she was insulted in her own house, an other things like that.

"Jim, he heerd the row, an he come a-t'arin in an says, 'Dad, I can't stand this no longer. You 'n' ma'll hafter git out.' Awful backwoodsy feller, Jim was. Always seemed like he couldn't take no polish.

"'Git out? We'll hafter git out, will we?' yells the ole man, an before you could morn'n wink he jumps on to Jim an throws 'im down, an recht up along the wall for the waggin whip that was hangin up under the gun, 'lowin to use the handle on Jim.

"The whip was outen reach, but he grabbed the tongs that was hangin up at the end o' the chimbley board, an he give that boy sech a larrupin with them tongs as ain't never been heerd on in this part o' the moral heritage.

"He beat Jim, the ole man did, till he promised to deed the place back, an then he set on 'im an held 'im down while one o' the hands went for 'Squire Diggs an some witnesses, an ole w[illegible] was he. The minute the deed was made the ole man says to Jim: 'Now bring the waggin roun', an [illegible] about it, too, fur you're goin to [illegible] out tonight. The ole woman an [illegible] gittin middlin anxious to have the place to ourselves. Step lively, now.'

"An Jim, he moved into that cabin on the Hi Watters place."

"It 'pears to me like it was all the fault o' Jim's wife," said old man Bolivar reflectively. "If a man once begins to allow his wife to boss, there ain't no help for him after that. Jim never had no sperrit nohow."

"That's the way it strikes me," rejoined Mr. Teakwood meditatively. "These things has got to be done right in the first place or you might as well let 'em alone. Women's queer critters, the best you can do with 'em, an if you once let 'em git the upper hand they're a-goin to keep it, you hear me. If it had a-been me that married that wife o' Jim's I would a-stood up before her the very first day, an says I, 'Now, Vangyleen'—that's the name she goes by—'I'm willing to be accommodatin on all occasions, but when I set my foot down it's sot, an it ain't no use to try to make me go any other way. I'm the head of this her fam'ly, you kin depend on that.'"

Into the silence that fell as the soft drawl ceased came the cry of the whippoorwill, sent back in softer echoes from the distant hills. Then a head was thrust into sight at the doorway, its sunburned countenance all one wide grin, and the boy accompanying the head suggested as he came into full view:

"Pa, they was a-lookin for you up at the house."

"Is that so?" cried the stern disciplinarian, rising with such celerity that he stepped on the cat. "I reckon I'd better be a-goin. I'd a-gone before now if I'd a-knowed that Ellen was a-lookin for me."

"I reckon I'd better be a-goin, too," said old man Bolivar, glancing apprehensively along the shadowy road. "I didn't let Mandy know when I was a-comin, an she might be uneasy."—Buffalo Times.

DENS OF HORROR.

The Prisons of Morocco Are Hotbeds of Deadly Disease.

The prison system and treatment of prisoners are worse in Morocco than in any other country in the world.

Men are arrested—often merely to spite some one whom they have been so unfortunate as to offend and who possesses some power—and flung into prison, where they would be left to starve did not their relatives or friends bring them food, for no arrangements whatever are made by the authorities for the feeding of prisoners. All that is provided is a prison, generally crowded with prisoners dying in the most loathsome and infectious diseases, dark and unventilated, and custodians who are quite as brutal and savage as the prison system itself.

Prisoners are cast into these hotbeds of disease, generally without the most farcical pretense of a trial, to die and rot if their crimes are light or their enemies impotent. Otherwise they are probably tortured in some way or another. Starving merely is too good for them in the opinion of the authorities.

Not long ago a merchant who had dared to claim payment for goods supplied to a friend of one of the court officials was cast into prison without trial, and after suffering torments in the midst of a mass of diseased humanity for months was taken out, shoved into a barrel fitted with long spikes and rolled down a high steep hill. The barrel eventually plunged into the sea with its torn and mangled cargo. Imprisonment, torture and death for daring to present his bill!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Naval Heroes in the Abbey.

The well known saying, "Westminster abbey or glorious victory," attributed to Nelson when he boarded the San Josef at the battle of Cape Vincent, seems to point to the hero's own wishes as to an abbey grave. But for some unknown reason, when the end came at the famous battle at Trafalgar (1805), Nelson was buried at St. Paul's, and the abbey authorities, finding crowds going there to gaze on his last resting place, had an effigy made of him and set it up near Kempenfelt's monument, in order to attract people back to Westminster, with the desired result.

The figure now stands in the Islip Chantry chapel with the other funeral effigies, and is a very lifelike and good representation of the great man. It is said to have been copied from a smaller figure for which Nelson sat, in all the clothes except the coat he actually wore. Maclise, who borrowed the hat for his picture of the "Death of Nelson," found the marks of the eye patch on the inner lining and the stamp of the period in the crown.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Explaining It.

"Now," said the physician who was examining an applicant for life insurance, "I shall have to ascertain your chest expansion."

"My what?" asked the applicant.

"Your chest expansion."

"He means," interposed a friend who had come in with him, "the difference between what you measure when your chest isn't inflated and what you measure when it is inflated."

"Oh," said the applicant, beginning dimly to understand. "Ten years ago I measured around here"—indicating his rotund stomach—"only 32 inches. I measure 48 now. I guess what you call my chest expansion is 16 inches."—Youth's Companion.

The Absent Dodge.

Fuzzy—They say that Faddist has become a Christian Scientist and is successfully giving the absent treatment.

Wuzzy—I guess that's so. He borrowed $50 from me a month ago, and whenever I call to ask for it he's out.—New York Tribune.

By Another Name.

Dakota Woman—I know I can never stand it, doctor, to have that tooth pulled.

Dentist—I can divorce you from that tooth, madam, in five seconds.

Dakota Woman—Oh, well, go ahead!—Chicago Tribune.

The political term "dark horse" originated from the habit of jockeys painting some fast racer in dark colors and entering him in a race under a fictitious name and thus winning.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

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C. SASSE,
Smethport, Pa.

[illegible]

Who has heard the sad [illegible] sea?
Who has heeded the beating [illegible] across the wave?
[illegible] the [illegible] singing on the [illegible]?
When the boat is all a-stagger 'neath the gale?
Who has laid him to the singing of the sail
While the mainsheet's snubbing sharply to the main,
And has slumbered till the stars grew dim and pale?
Fill your bumpers! Here's the chorus of my strain!

So, the [illegible], [illegible], [illegible] sea!
[illegible]
We who love her fill our glasses
To the best of all the lasses
And we drink a brimming bumper to the sea.

Who has lain upon the slipping deck asweat?
Who has tacked and veered and chanted in the wind?
Who has watched the mainmast bending nigh a-strain,
While the rival boat's a-dropping off behind?
Who has [illegible] against the creaking, pulling wheel
Through a moonlit summer night on southern seas?
Who has felt the old sea longing that I feel?
Fill your bumpers, then, and shout aloud with me!

So, the singing, sobbing, salty scented sea!
Oh, the rushing, roaring, [illegible], raging sea!
On your feet and clasp your glasses,
To the best beloved of lasses
Here's a [illegible], brimming bumper to the sea!
—Richard Stillman Powell in Criterion.

THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE.

It Was Followed, but It Spoiled the Next Recitation.

They tell this story of a college prank the boys at Princeton played on Professor "Winky" Young, professor of astronomy. His recitations were generally held the first thing in the morning, and he had to admonish the students in his division to correct the fault of tardiness, which he claimed was increasing in a lamentable manner, and when one of the students explained that they all studied so late at night they were apt to oversleep in the morning he kindly advised them to secure alarm clocks, which he said were one of the most valuable and useful inventions.

The next day nearly every student in the class came into recitation with an alarm clock in his pocket, which by patient and united effort were set so that one would go off promptly at every successive minute of the hour. The effect can be imagined. Shortly after the first student was called to recite one of the clocks in the pocket of a boy at the other end of the room went off with a terrible clamor, and before it had finished a second in another part of the room made even a louder racket.

There was a brief interval, which the professor utilized to call up another student, but the latter was scarcely on his feet before the third clock went off. The performance was continued for half an hour or more, when the professor, who had a keen sense of humor, recognized the situation and cut short the fun by terminating the recitation. The boys explained that they had followed his advice and secured alarm clocks, which they were carrying around with them because they were likely to fall asleep at most any time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nubar Pasha and the Piper.

Soon after the occupation of Cairo by the British troops the late Nubar Pasha took a prodigious fancy to the music of the Black Watch band and had the idea of having a servant taught the use of the bagpipes. Nubar dispatched a French friend, who spoke English very well, to interview a piper on the subject.

Donald replied: "Weel, he micht learn or he micht no'. But, let me tell ye, it needs wund an muscle strength tae fill the bags o' the pipes an' keep blawin. Noo if yin o' thae Egyptian chaps took the job on he'd need tae be [illegible] like yin o' thae auld mummies, or maybe he'd burst himsel'."

This conversation was reported to Nubar, who took the piper's remarks seriously, so he gave up the idea of having a skirler attached to his household, as the use of the bagpipes was attended with the prospect of such danger to the performer.—Westminster Gazette.

A Button Collection.

A New York lady's pet hobby is a marvelous collection of all sorts and kinds of buttons. Some of the enamel and miniature painted ones are veritable works of art, while paste and precious metals worked in various ways supply other fascinating specimens. The greatest "rarities are two" Chinese official buttons, which in reality are decorations, and buttons from off garments known to have been worn by Marat, Robespierre, Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, Washington, Nelson, Byron, De Foe, George II, George III, Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck, Irving, Garfield and numerous other celebrities of both sexes. The collection numbers some 10,000 specimens.—New York Telegram.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was inspired by the following conversation:

Woodworth, the author, said to a friend, "There is no drink better than brandy."

The friend replied, "Yes, there is—a drink from the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well at home."

To Tell.

Tommy—Papa, what is it time to do when the clock strikes 1?

His Father—Time to go to dinner, son.

Tommy—Then what is it time to do when mamma strikes one?—Jewelers' Weekly.

A Poser.

Mrs. Jibbins (after gazing on a globe in a shop window)—Well, nothing won't persuade me but what the world's flat.

Mrs. Trimmin—Well, Marier, if the world's flat, 'ow can yer account for Averstock hill?—London Punch.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected by counterfeiters for imitation, notably the celebrated Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and general debility. The Bitters set things right in the stomach, and when the stomach is in good order it makes good blood and plenty of it. In this manner the Bitters get at the seat of strength and vitality and restore vigor to the weak and debilitated. Beware of counterfeits when buying.

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SMETHPORT, PENN'A.

[illegible] and the master [illegible] in company.

"James, [illegible] you're talking," said he suddenly.

"Yes, sir," replied Jones meekly.

"What were you saying?" Pause. "Well, I'm waiting. What was it you said?"

"Come here and I'll tell you, sir," answered Jones.

We stared aghast at our companion and wondered what would happen next. The master looked as if he had not heard aright.

"What did you say?" he said, slowly.

"Come here and I'll tell you, sir," ventured Jones again.

We were on the tiptoe of expectation. Such daring as this was unparalleled, even for Jones. The master rose from his chair. His anger was terrible to see. "Leave the room!" he thundered, striding toward the trembling culprit.

"Why, sir?" faltered Jones.

"Why, sir?" spluttered the outraged pedagogue. "When I ask you what you were talking about you ask me to come to you and you'll tell me! Why, indeed!"

"Yes, sir. But that's really what I did say," the boy replied. "Hobbs asked me what the exercise was, and I said, 'Come here and I'll tell you.'"

Then the band played.—Buffalo News.

A Siamese Swell.

One of my neighbors was an interesting creature and evidently well pleased with himself. He wore long finger nails, and seeing me look at him spread out his left hand, evidently for my admiration. On the fourth finger he wore a large Chinese ring, and all the nails were long, particularly those of the fourth and fifth fingers, which had grown to a length of at least an inch. They looked like huge claws, especially when he tried to pick up anything from the seat. The owners of such nails regard them with extreme satisfaction and cultivate them so carefully that they sometimes attain a prodigious length.

They are largely affected by Siamese and Chinese clerks, who fancy themselves exquisites. They are supposed to indicate the fact that their owners do no manual work. Curiously enough, in so far off a place as Mexico the same idea exists, but there it is generally confined to the little finger. I do not know what else he had to be proud about unless it was his right leg, which was elaborately tattooed above the knee. He was dressed in only a panung, and to a cord around his waist was attached a wallet for his betel nut, etc. He also carried some food wrapped in a piece of green plantain leaf.—Gentleman's Magazine.

St. Distaff's Day.

The 7th of January, which follows Twelfth day, was in old times jokingly called St. Distaff's day, because the spinning was supposed to be resumed, says the Baltimore Sun.

The plowmen, who were not so willing to resume their occupations as the women were theirs, used to set the flax on fire, in consequence of which the women would throw pails of water upon them.

In early days ladies of high degree, as well as farmers' wives and daughters, were accustomed to handle the distaff and spindle, and the latter were the emblems of womanhood. The following little stanza is appropriate to the season:

Partly work and partly play
You must [illegible] on St. Distaff's day.
From the plow soon free your team,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maids a spinning go,
Burn the flax and fire the tow.
Bring in pails of water then;
Let the maids bewash the men.
Give St. Distaff all the right.

Dickens and the Children.

Writing in The Century on Charles Dickens' interest in the cause of education, Mr. James L. Hughes says:

He was the first great English student of Froebel. He deals with 19 different schools in his books. He gives more attention to the training of childhood than any other novelist or any other educator except Froebel. He was one of the first Englishmen to demand national control of education, even in private schools, and the thorough training of all teachers. He exposed 14 types of coercion and did more than any one else to lead Christian men and women to treat children humanely. Every book he wrote except two is rich in educational thought. He took the most advanced position on every phase of modern educational thought except manual training. When he is thoroughly understood, he will be recognized as the Froebel of England.

A million silver dollars would occupy, in round numbers, 120 cubic feet. Therefore a room or rather a bin 6 feet long, 5 feet wide and 4 feet high would accommodate them comfortably.

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SMETHPORT, PA.

The artist who is in search of attractive description of torture, and scenes depicting suffering, need not go to the Christian martyrs of old. If he could only see through the walls into tens of thousands of homes all over this land, he would see women undergoing tortures in silence without complaining, before which the brief ordeals of the martyrs pale into nothingness.

No one but a woman can tell the story of the suffering, the despair, and the despondency endured by women who carry a daily burden of ill-health and pain because of disorders and derangement of the delicate and important organs that are distinctly feminine. One of the worst effects of troubles of this kind is upon the nervous system. The tortures so bravely endured completely and effectually shatter the nerves. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an unfailing cure for all weakness and disease of the feminine organism. It makes it strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It checks exhausting drains and tones and builds up the nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. Good medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing "just as good."

"Since my last child was born, thirteen years ago, I have suffered from uterine trouble," writes Mrs. Paul Devraine, of Jellico, Campbell Co., Tenn. "I consulted several doctors and took much medicine, but found no relief. I had very bad health for twelve years. Every month I was in bed a week before the monthly period and a week after. I was obliged to keep in bed for four months last summer. I was just like a corpse. I lost twenty-six pounds in four months. I was coughing so much I was considered in consumption. I suffered severely from pains in my back, bearing down pains in the womb, chills and cold sweats. After taking four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my coughing stopped, and after six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription my periods became regular and were passed without pain. Now I am healthy, more so than ever before. My neighbors are surprised to see me in such good health after having seen me so low."

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Time Table taking effect June [illegible]

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

[illegible] A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Crosby, Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting with P. & W. Ry for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

11:[illegible] A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

[illegible] P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mount Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. & E. train 6 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train 8 for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville, Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport daily, except Sunday, at [illegible] a. m., 6:20 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Rail Road Time Table, takes effect Monday Jan. 16, 1[illegible]

A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	EASTW'D. STATIONS. WESTW'D	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.40	7.10	2.10	Ulysses	7.52	2.36	10.06
8.25	7.10	1.59	Crowell's	7.41	2.39	10.15
8.23		1.55	Carpenter		2.41	10.18
8.19		1.52	Perkins		2.44	10.21
8.15	7.02	1.50	N'wf'ld Ju'n	7.47	2.46	10.25
		1.45	Newfield	7.51	2.50	10.36
7.58	6.54	1.41	Gold	7.56	2.56	10.35
7.50	6.46	1.32	Raymond	7.59	3.06	10.40
7.16	6.36	1.26	Seven Bridges	8.11	3.14	10.50
7.10	6.26	1.21	Colesburg	8.14	3.14	11.00
7.00	6.22	1.14	Frink's	8.22	3.22	11.06
6.50		1.05	Nor C'port		3.35	11.20
6.45	6.15	1.00		8.26	3.36	11.50
6.18	7.07	12.03	Coudersport	[illegible]	[illegible]	1.20
		12.[illegible]	Hammond			
4.45	7.[illegible]	12.64	Olmsted	[illegible]	6.06	1.27
[illegible]	7.40	12.40	Mina	[illegible]	6.10	1.31
[illegible]		12.[illegible]	Knowlton		6.16	
[illegible]	7.20	12.30	Roulette	[illegible]	6.21	1.45
[illegible]	7.20	12.22	Burtville	[illegible]	6.[illegible]	1.55
[illegible]		[illegible]	Coleman		[illegible]	
[illegible]			Chemical Works			
[illegible]	7.10	12.10	Port Allegany	[illegible]	[illegible]	2.25
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	Dep't. Arrive	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

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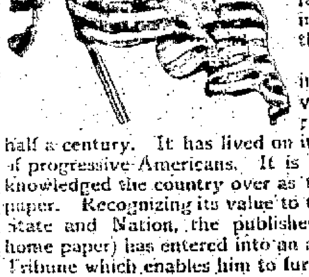

It's a long life, but devotion to the true interests and prosperity of the American people has won for it new friends as the years rolled by and the original members of its family passed to their reward, and these admirers are loyal and steadfast to-day, with faith in its teachings and confidence in the information which it brings to their homes and firesides.

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

TIME TABLE WESTERN NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 16, 189[illegible]

Trains leave Smethport for Larabee, [illegible], Olean, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 7:30 p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday, [illegible] p. m.

Trains leaving Smethport 7:30 p. m. connects at Olean with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south:

Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Accom. daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.

Clermont Local connects with [illegible] to Johnsonburg.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Mail, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday connecting at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from
A. E. WORKER, Ticket Agent,
K. BELL, General Sup't,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass'r. & T'k. Agt.
General offices, Mooney-Brisbane Bldg., Cor. Main and Clinton sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect Nov. [illegible]

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 2, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., week days ([illegible] a. m. Sundays); Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 7:41 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway and [illegible] Clermont, and intermediate stations.

[illegible] a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

[illegible] p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleeping and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York [illegible] p. m., Philadelphia [illegible] p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m., Baltimore [illegible] p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] a. m., with Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport, on Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., Washington [illegible] a. m., Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Wilkesbarre [illegible] a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction [illegible] p. m., with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS.	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. A. M.
[illegible]	Ridgway	[illegible]
[illegible]	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
[illegible]	Bendigo	[illegible]
[illegible]	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
[illegible]	Straight	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	Woodvale	[illegible]
[illegible]	Clermont	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at [illegible] a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at [illegible] p. m., and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway
THE SHORT LINE

On and after June [illegible], passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the coal and lumber regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST BOUND.

[illegible] a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express—for Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, [illegible], Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

[illegible] p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

[illegible] p. m.—Buffalo Express, daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Colden and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH BOUND.

[illegible] a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

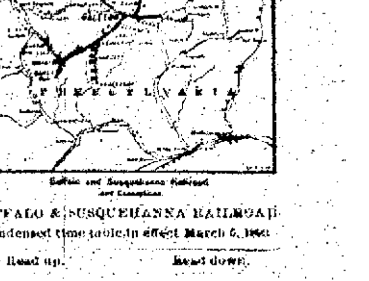
[illegible] p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. H. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agent
Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route.



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.
Condensed time table in effect March 6, 18[illegible]

Read up.				Read down.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	ar Keating S't lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Austin	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Costello	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wharton	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Cross Fork Jct	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Cortier	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Germania	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
		[illegible] lv	Galeton ar	[illegible]		
P.M.	A.M.					
[illegible]	[illegible]	ar	Galeton lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Gaines Junc	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Westfield	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Knoxville	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Osceola	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	Elkland	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] lv	Addison ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	ar	Galeton lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Walton	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Newfield Jct	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		West Bingham	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Genesee	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Shongo	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	lv	Wellsville ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	ar	Galeton lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]		Gaines Junc	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	lv	Ansonia ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	
P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	ar	Cross Fork Jct lv	[illegible]	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	lv	Cross Fork ar	[illegible]	[illegible]	

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. [illegible] union station.
At Newfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R.R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N.Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.
W. W. ATWOOD, Superintendent, Addison, N.Y.
W. C. PARK, Superintendent, Galeton, Pa.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 5 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 9, 1897.

South		Stations	North	
[illegible]		Clermont	[illegible]	
[illegible]		Chatham	[illegible]	
[illegible]		Wildwood	[illegible]	
[illegible]		North Fork	[illegible]	
[illegible]		Ely Fork	[illegible]	
[illegible]		Gray Gables	[illegible]	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Ar. St. Marys Lv. / Lv. Ar.	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Kaul	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Dutch	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Groll	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Gillen	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Paine	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Centreville	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hague Crossing	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Shelvey Summit	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Cunee	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Thompson	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Curry	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Brandy Camp	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Elbon	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Hyde	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Shawmut	[illegible]	[illegible]
P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.

NEW WAGON
and
PAINT SHOP.

I have started a Wagon and Carriage Shop in E. [illegible] building on State street and am prepared to do all kinds of wagon and carriage painting and repairing. Will also furnish the finest of new work. I am well known to the people of Smethport and they run no risk when entrusting me with their work. I have had [illegible] years experience and invite your patronage.

John Servatius, Smethport, Pa.